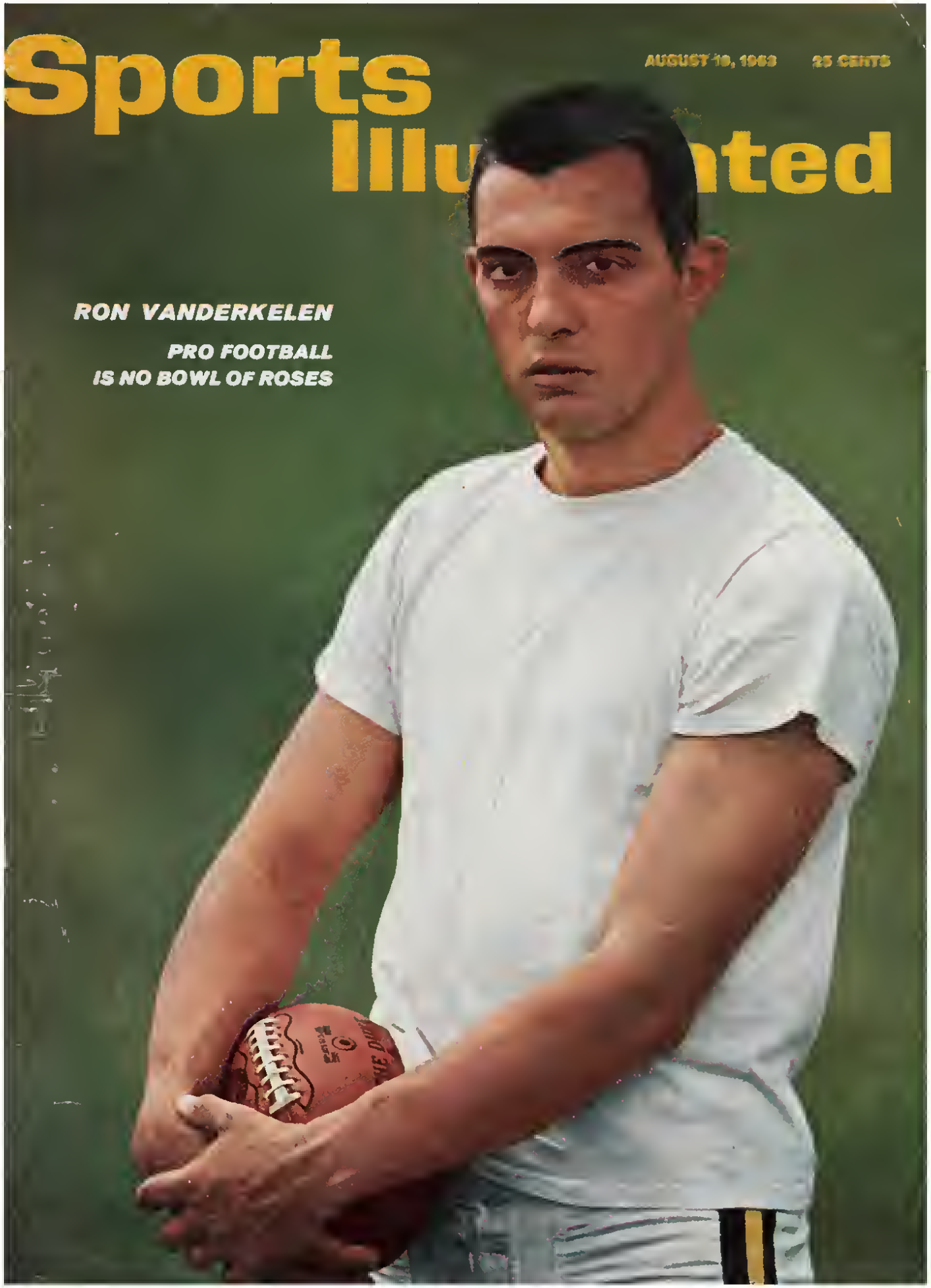
Sports Illustrated

AUGUST 19, 1963 25 CENTS



RON VANDERKELEN

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Dayton passenger car, truck, farm tractor/implement tires & tubes

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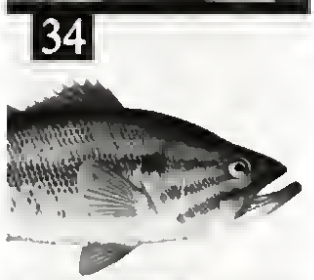
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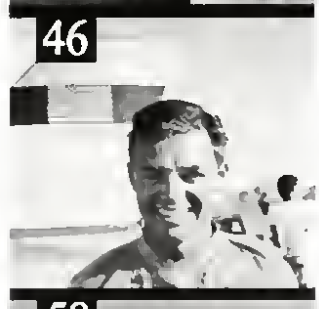


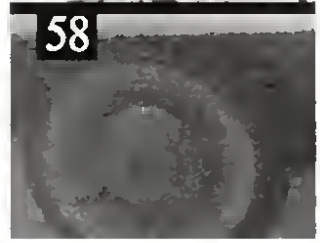












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Next week

THE MENACE at the national tennis championships will be Dennis Ralston, a stormy young man who is able to beat them all unless he gets angry at his greatest enemy—himself.

THE BACK RIVER, flowing through Canada's barren lands, had been unconquered for more than a hundred years. Austin Hoyt tells how he and three companions made the descent.

FOR MICKEY MANTLE playing baseball is the easiest part of every summer day. Ed Graham records his impressions of the 24 hours he spent following his idol around Kansas City.

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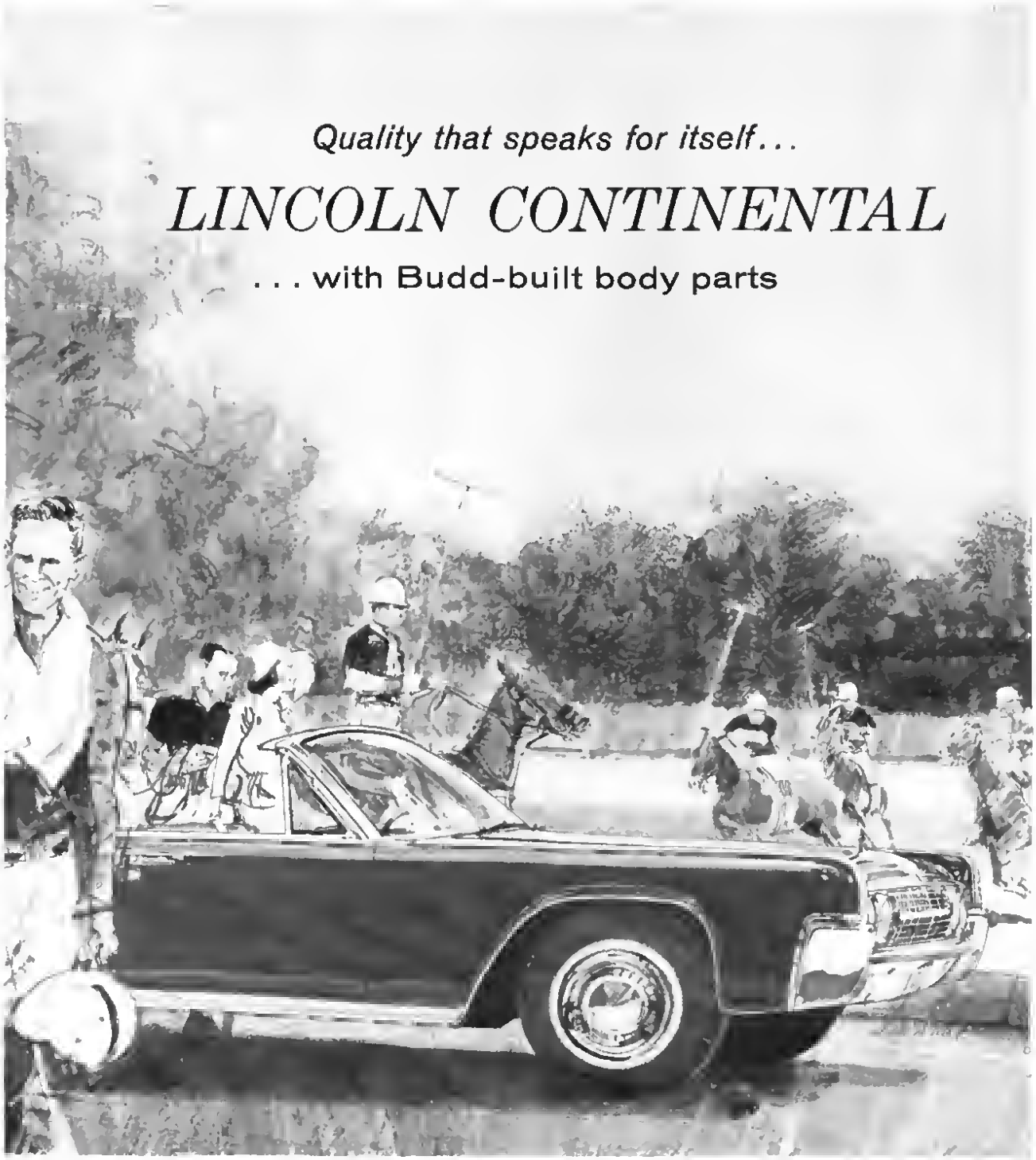
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McCahill goes flat out to test the Mohawk Ultissimo at high speed. "True as an arrow at all speeds," he reports. "Roadability is tops with no side sway or crabbing . . . excellent get-away traction. You could drive these tires all day long at turnpike speeds with complete ease of mind and comfort."

Photographs taken at Utica Michigan Test Track and Proving Ground

Ride with McCahill while he test drives Mohawk's advanced new tire

"It corners beautifully," says Tom. "That new wrap-around shoulder and the five rib tread hold the road like a leech, a real safety feature in sharp bends . . . an extra plus when you are passing a line of creeping traffic."



"I like the Continental look . . . Mohawk has adapted the foreign tire shoulder design to the Ultissimo. The result is not only a smarter looking tire, but a better performing one. The tread is extra thick, wider, too, to put more rubber on the road. This plus Buta Syn, Mohawk's new miracle tread compound, will give you more mileage."



MOHAWK

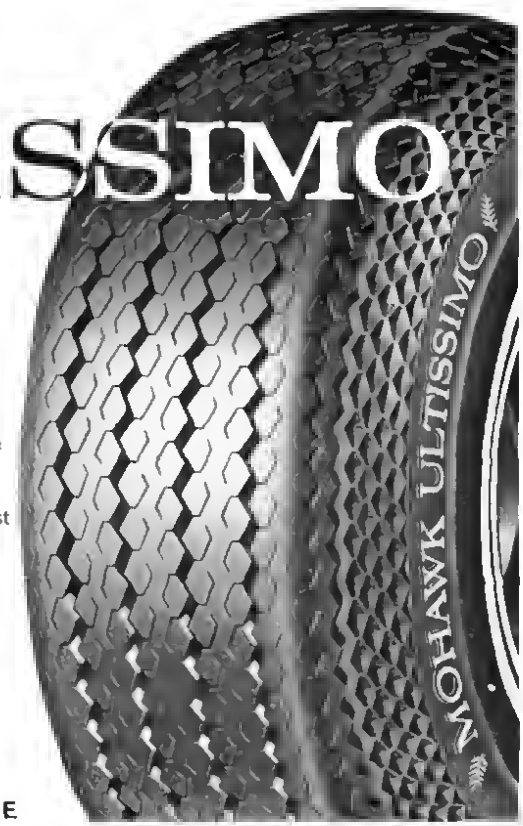
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SCORECARD

LITTLE LEAGUE AND BIG BUCK

Since shortly after its inception Little League baseball has been criticized as a game in which overly competitive adults drive small boys to tears and torment in order to satisfy their own egos. The charges have not been altogether unfounded, but neither are they altogether true. Many a boy and many a community have benefited from Little League play.

What is true is that the league is not just kids playing baseball for fun under adult supervision. It is a nonprofit operation, but it is also a corporation whose executives are salaried and thereby invested with a certain professional, as against amateur, interest in the sport.

This special interest is now illustrated by league officials' insistence that the country's 48,000 Little League teams be insured by a single company, American Casualty, a requirement that would seem to be inspired more by commercial than amateur motives. Last week in Iowa, Insurance Commissioner William E. Timmons declared the mandatory contract illegal and ordered it terminated. It cost more, he observed, than equivalent contracts available through local agents.

The response of Dr. Creighton J. Hale, national vice president of the league, was in keeping with the league's new mercantile look. No monopoly insurance, he said, "no more Little League baseball in Iowa." Which might be a good thing.

GOTTA HAVE HEART

Each year at the Thoroughbred sales, prospective buyers thoughtfully consider blood lines and conformation before deciding whether to bid on a particular yearling. But, as an occasional Carry Back proves, blood doesn't always tell. What the bidders should do, according to Dr. E. R. Trethewie, University of Melbourne physiologist, is give the horse an electrocardiogram. If he is to be another Man o' War, there on his chart will be a pattern that clearly tells the tale. And the same is true for human athletes capable of running a sub-4-minute mile.

Dr. Trethewie studied the hearts, lungs and other essentials of 10 4-minute milers. Common to all of them, he told the Australian Sports Medicine Association, "is the peculiar nature of their innervation." Innervation is the nervous stimulation of an organ, in this case the heart. In athletes like Roger Bannister and Kelso, the heart is innervated so as to make its contractions go progressively upward. Only 15% of so-called normal ECGs show the pattern that Dr. Trethewie found in 100% of his 4-minute milers. And, over a period of eight years spent studying the hearts of schoolchildren, he found that possession of the trait frequently goes with athletic prowess. Good lungs and high hemoglobin value help, too, but the heart is the most important factor.

Perhaps the *Daily Racing Form* and *The Morning Telegraph* should throw away their complicated past performance charts and print just the ECGs of the entries.

DUCKS LIMITED

For the past several years duck hunters have been restricted by short hunting seasons and small bag limits. The reason, according to the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, has been drought in the northern breeding grounds. Ducks Unlimited, dedicated to the preservation of waterfowl shooting, has insisted that the government's waterfowl count was far too low and that hunters were being penalized unnecessarily (SI, Aug. 20, 1962). Low limits caused many a sportsman to give up duck hunting, and last year sale of duck stamps dipped to 1,047,565, lowest since the years of World War II, when many a duck hunter was preoccupied with another kind of shooting.

This year the news is better. Ducks Unlimited says waterfowl production in Canada's prairie provinces is the best since 1957. Last week federal authorities predicted an increase in the number of ducks in all four flyways and recommended more liberal hunting regulations for the coming season. These will be disclosed in the next few weeks.

Meanwhile, to sharpen the hunter's recognition of species and thereby prevent unnecessary and illegal kills, Fish and Wildlife has published *Ducks at a Distance*, an excellent pocket-size waterfowl identification guide that portrays 28 species of ducks and 10 of geese, most of the ducks in color. The booklet also gives typical habitat for each species and shows silhouette and flight patterns. It even attempts to imitate calls since, it points out, "not all ducks quack. Many whistle, squeal or grunt."

Copies are available free, from state fish and game departments and at sporting goods stores. We would suggest, though, that next year Fish and Wildlife make a good thing better—by issuing the booklet with each duck stamp and requesting that hunters carry a copy each time they go afield.

SALT WORTH PRESERVING

When John Cobb drove 394.2 mph on the Bonneville Salt Flats in 1947 he had a 14-mile track, smooth as glass. This year, as Craig Breedlove (*see page 46*) raced 428.37 in his jet-powered car he had only nine ½ miles, and four of them too rough for safety. Breedlove holds that a potash company, draining the south end for minerals, is leaving the surface salt a thin shell over a sea of mud. Now he has quietly opened a campaign to make the Salt Flats a national preserve. "It's the only place in the world where land speed records can be made," he says, "and it's a natural wonder. In 10 years it will be good for nothing but an atom bomb site."

EXPLOIT SPORTIF

The world's deepest known cave is *Le Gouffre Berger*, a pothole named for the Grenoble photographer and speleologist, Jo Berger, who discovered its 18-foot mouth 4,745 feet up in the Alps in 1953. Three years later an international team of spelunkers descended 3,681 feet into the limestone cavern and thereby set a world record for potholing.

Then last year barrel-chested, bespectacled Ken Pearce of Manchester, England went down just as deep. He could go no farther because, like Berger, he was stumped by an underground river. The only way to go on would be to dive and swim, and that called for aqualungs. But Pearce, a teacher of metallurgy at Manchester's College of Science and Technology, has two main hobbies—potholing and skindiving.

continued

BOLD LOOK OF CALIFORNIA

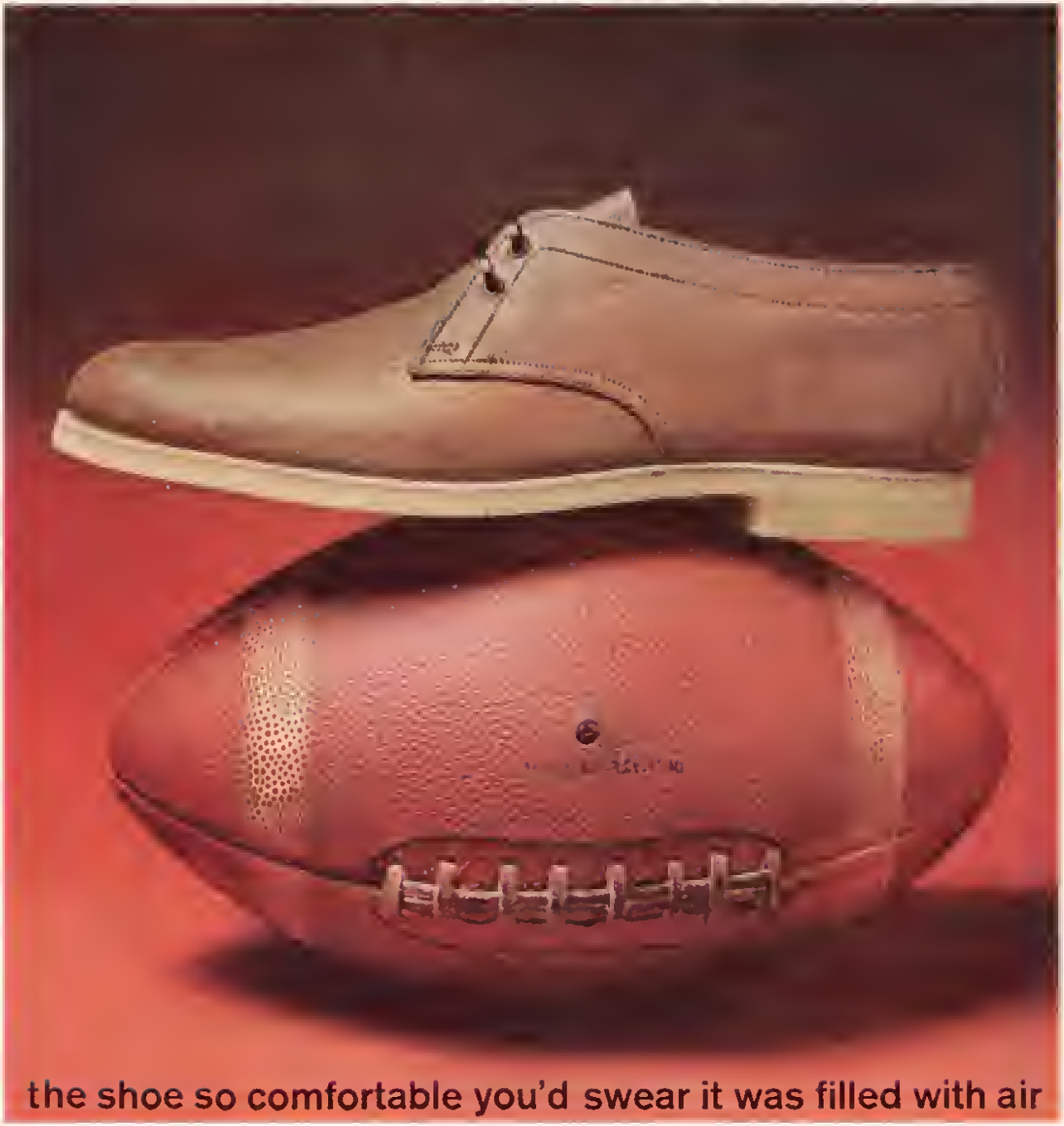


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(Featured) #9530, plain toe hi-rise blucher in Whippet Pigskin with genuine crepe sole and heel. Also #9536 in Sage Buck. (Left) #9536, 2-eyelet blucher oxford in Tallow Tan Gluv with cushion crepe sole and heel. Also #9534 in Whippet Buck. (Middle) #9512, plain toe seamless oxford in Brown Gluv with genuine crepe sole and heel. Also #9513 in black. (Right) #9526 Whippet Buck slip-on with cushion crepe sole and heel. Also #9540 in Tallow Tan Gluv. Most Mansfield styles $19.95 to $19.95. Also makers of Bostonians and Bostonian Boys. Bostonian Shoes, Whitman, Mass.



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MANSFIELD SLAX FROM THE CLOUD 9 COLLECTION

by the makers of Bostonians

A few weeks ago Pearce and a team of 12 volunteers from Britain stepped smartly down a narrow ladder into the heart of an Alp. Their quest: a world descent record.

They could carry no telephone lines, and so there was no way to communicate with them. Slowly, while wives and friends waited above, the 13 progressed downward through huge, dead, silent, black caverns. It was depressingly humid, and the temperature hovered at 40°. Waterfalls with drops of 150 feet drenched them. Over some areas they had to swim, others they managed to negotiate with rubber boats. Finally, they reached the underground river. It had taken a week of subterranean living.

Steve Wynne-Roberts was the first to put on an aqualung and dive in. Because of a severe earache he was forced to quit. Then Pearce dived and, using a depth gauge, measured the sump's depth as 40 feet. He touched bottom and thereby set a new world record of 3,721 feet.

On the 13th day the 13 emerged, their bristled faces and helmets making them look like coal miners just rescued from disaster.

"Scientifically they proved nothing," observed Jo Berger, "but it certainly was an *exploit sportif*."

CAMPAIGN STATEMENT

Granting a certain prejudice, our personal candidate for this year's Miss America is Jeanne Swanner, 6 feet 2, eyes of blue, and oh, how she can shoot a basket. Miss Swanner is Miss North Carolina, is 19, and is the only Miss America contestant ever to hold a 37-point basketball scoring average. Indeed, in her high school days she twice hit 44 points in the Eastern 3-A championship tournament. Now an upcoming junior at Auburn University, she has led her sorority basketball team to the campus title for two years, finished second in shuffleboard, recently took up tennis and has been a lifeguard for two summers. It is hard to imagine a lifeguard one would rather be rescued by.

A HORSE NAMED VERNON

Will Rogers used to say that a rodeo roper owed 75% of his success to his horse. Riding the rodeo circuit just now is a combination of horse and rider that may well be the greatest of all time. The rider is Dean Oliver, world champion calf roper, and the horse is Vernon. He cost Oliver $5,000, a sum believed to be the top price ever paid for a horse by a professional roper. Vernon has proved to be well worth it. In their first week together, Oliver and Vernon took $3,745 in prize money.

THE DROPOUT

Not since 1945 had the University of Idaho been a collegiate basketball power, but it was just that last season—thanks to a big fellow named Gus Johnson, who jumped and shot like a pro and finished well in NCAA statistics for scoring and was second in rebounding. For the first time, Idaho fans had good reason to look ahead to next season, when Big Gus would be a senior. Alas, last week Johnson signed with the Baltimore Bullets, an institution that does not insist on books as well as baskets.

TIPTOE THROUGH THE MELON PATCH

The antipathy of farmers toward deer hunters who shoot cows is well known and even understandable. But it seems to us that they go too far when they turn their shotguns on bird watchers.

The book said that buff-breasted sandpipers could best be spotted in fields near Bonner Springs, Kans. "Stop there," the book commanded. "As many as 50 in a flock may be found." Allured, and with book and binoculars in hand, Biology Professor David Easterla of Kansas City Junior College halted obediently. Nary a pipe did he hear, let alone see a flock. What he saw and heard was the anger of Otto Weldt, farmer, in whose watermelon patch he was crouching, for all the world like a man about to heist a watermelon. Farmer Weldt refused to believe, though Professor Easterla showed him the book and quoted chapter and verse on buff-breasted sandpipers, that anyone would go out of his way to watch an inedible bird. A likely story, he said, and hustled the prof off to court where, since he had in fact been trespassing on posted land, Easterla paid a fine of $16.80.

LEAPFROG 1963

Next time Mary Martin is Peter Pan she might vary her flying performance with a jump balloon, a gadget now being developed for a variety of military and space uses.

The balloon is a bag some 20 feet high filled with helium. Below it is a suspension harness, much like a parachute harness, to support the jumper. Just flex your knees and push off. The balloon lifts you into the air to carry you a distance that varies with the wind. On descending, assume the impact position and push off once more. You'll soar.

One of our correspondents, Jane Rieker, tried it the other day in Northfield, Minn., home of the G. T. Schjeldahl Company, which developed the material of which the balloons are made. After scaring birds and awing golfers with prodigious leaps from mid-fairway to green, Miss Rieker came down ecstatic.



There is a hitch. The balloons cost $400 each, and nonflammable helium gas, pretty much unavailable to civilians, comes to $1 a cubic foot—or about $300 per inflation. A jump balloon can be inflated with ordinary household gas, but there is no guarantee that one static spark would not send the jumper into piecemeal orbit.

The Schjeldahl people are studying their balloons as a means of traversing rough terrain and for low aerial survey work.

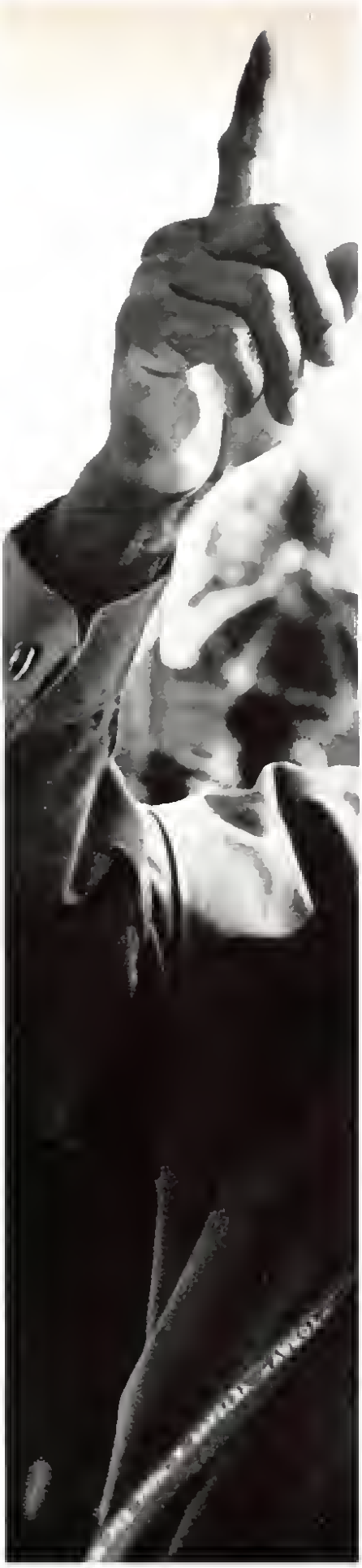
"They can research all they like," said Miss Rieker. "I just want to make like Peter Pan again."

THEY SAID IT

• Birdie Tebbetts, Cleveland manager, comparing young pitchers with veterans Early Wynn of Cleveland and Robin Roberts of Baltimore: "It's the difference between a carpenter and a cabinetmaker."

• Roosevelt Grier, 300-pound Los Angeles Ram tackle, on being asked if he had a middle initial: "No, but I've never been mistaken for anyone else." **END**

Sports Illustrated
AUGUST 19, 1963



A SMILE ON THE FACE OF THE TIGER

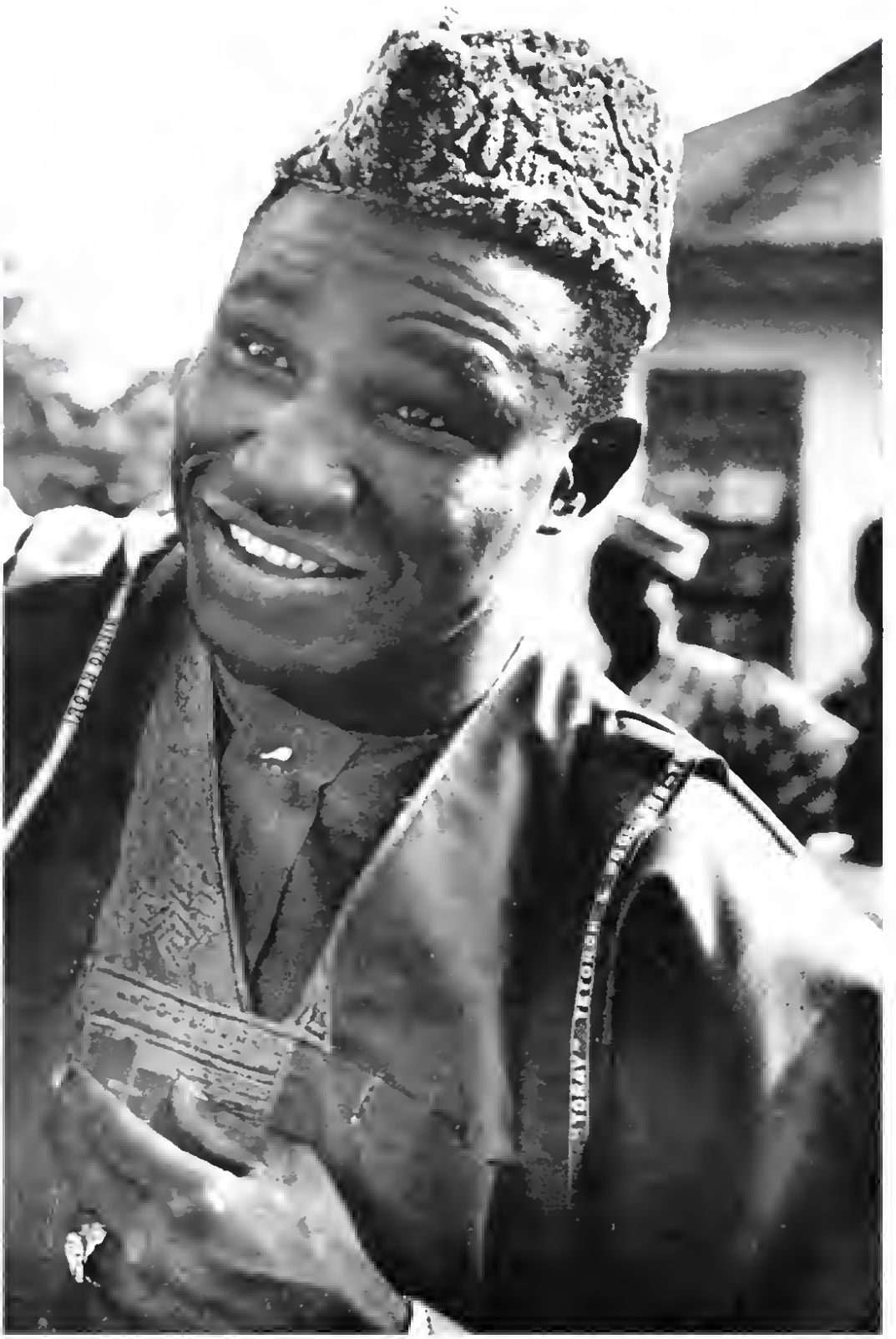
Politicians, tribesmen, crocodile cultists and rain doctors celebrate as Dick Tiger demolishes Gene Fullmer in Black Africa's first world title fight

by JACK OLSEN

In Nigeria last week a howling mob stormed a jail trying to rescue a chieftain on trial with 20 countrymen for treason. A farmer walked into a police station carrying his right hand, chopped off in a neighborhood quarrel. A hippopotamus upset a dugout canoe, drowning six. But to the 40 million citizens of freshly independent Nigeria, the most populous country in Africa, all this was humdrum stuff. The big news was taking place in Liberty Stadium in Ibadan, a city of almost a million, where Dick Tiger of the Ibo tribe was to meet Gene Fullmer, from some faraway place called Utah, for the middleweight championship of the world.

The prospect of the fight, the first major sports event held in the emerging nations of Black Africa, had the whole country in an uproar. Into tin-roofed Ibadan flocked thunder worshipers, crocodile cultists and Yoruba tribesmen, garbed in their conservatively colored three-piece robes which are fast becoming the Brooks Brothers suit

continued



Weering the costume of the Ibo tribe Champion Dick Tiger hams it up with fans by pretending that he is e politicien. "Vote for me," he seys, "end I will promise you everything." Tiger carried off his ect only e few minutes after soldiers had used their bleckjecks to keep crowd in order at his treining cemp.

Photographs
by Jerry Cooke

of Nigeria. With the fight backed by the government, all of Nigeria was exhorted to buy tickets. Government employees who planned to be at the fight were given the day off with pay. "Do Not Procrastinate, Do Not Hesitate," urged one sign. "Buy Your Tickets Now and Join Thousands of Boxing Fans. It Is Going to Be One of the Most Significant International Events Ever Witnessed on the Continent of Africa. Come Along! Join Lovers of Heroes All over the World!!!"

The sign should have told the lovers of heroes to bring their raincoats. For three days before Saturday night's fight, it rained and it rained and it rained. Chief Joseph Modupe Johnson, Nigeria's Minister of Labour and Social Welfare, called in some tribal rain doctors who demanded $14,000 for clear weather. "The people have this rain business in their heads now," the chief declared, fearful of the gate, and with that he embarked on an open-car tour of Ibadan with a rain doctor. "The rain doctor," the chief allowed, "is on our side."

On Saturday the rain doctors delivered. The downpours stopped. That night a crowd of 25,000 rocked Liberty Stadium as National Hero Tiger belted Fullmer in one of the bloodiest, most one-sided title fights ever seen. From the time the bell rang for the start of the first until the end of the seventh, when Fullmer's manager, Marv Jenson, called surrender, Tiger was in complete control. He was too tough, too strong and too effective for the American.

Ever since Tiger won the title from Fullmer in San Francisco last October, his nation had been clamoring to see him defend at home. A Tiger defense in Nigeria became a matter of patriotic pride as well as a way of putting Nigeria on the map. The man chiefly responsible for bringing Tiger back home to fight was Chief Johnson, in some charming ways an incarnation of Novelist Joyce Cary's wheeling, dealing Mister Johnson.

A strapping 6-footer, Chief Johnson has been in charge of all Nigerian sports since 1957. Now 51, he has had an active athletic career spanning 30 years, and, according to the chief, "It will not come to an end until I am in my grave." Besides having been an accomplished swimmer, cricketer, skin diver, long-distance runner and billiards player, Chief Johnson was also once a crack middleweight. After getting the government to guarantee Jack Solomons, the British promoter, and the fighters $280,000 for Saturday's circus, he attempted to prove his own enduring prowess by challenging the best heavyweight from neighboring Ghana to meet him in a four-round preliminary on the championship card. His boss, the Prime Minister, Alhaji Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balewa, said, "Joseph J., I do not care if you box or not, but make sure you insure yourself sufficiently." But the Nigerian Boxing Board of Control, mindful of the chief's 51 years, refused to issue him a license, prompting the chief to declare, "Then I will dissolve the board and appoint a new one." This was easy for the chief to do, since he is the boss of the board. Perhaps fortunately, he refrained from this ultimate step.

The chief was—and is—a beguiling blend of native tom-tomfoolery and big-city sophistication. Seated one night in the living room of his home, he listened to a phonograph blare Elvis Presley, Brenda Lee and Bobby Rydell records while his guests sipped fine cognac and Scotch. The chief talked about his stay at the Waldorf Towers, and his guests marked him as a cosmopolite. In the next second the chief opened a whisky bottle and poured a few drops on the monkey-rugged floor, explaining, "The first few drops are for my ancestors, an ancient tradition here." The guests marked the chief as a superstitious native, and then a friend said, "Don't give





Fascinating trio of feature players led cast in Nigerian extravaganza. Tiger's European manager, Bobby Diamond (left), *feared he had malaria, found to immense relief he was drunk. Promoter Jack Solomons* (above) *mystified natives, went home with profit.*

your ancestors too much, chief. They might be in training." The chief guffawed, so the guests were right back where they started.

Another unique character in the bizarre cast at Ibadan was Jack Solomons. An ex-fishmonger who is now a millionaire, Solomons is a garish dresser. His taste runs to Hawaiian-style shirts and alligator belts and shoes. He gets daily haircuts, uses clear polish on his fingernails and Miss Dior cologne after his bath. He held court at a $10 million hotel owned by a Greek. The hotel was never more than 30% full and is reported to be slowly sinking into the ground.

Solomons made himself the center of attention by carrying on a war with Nigerian folkways. When Chief Johnson told him that the rain doctors were holding out for a fee of $14,000, Solomons exclaimed, "For that I'll produce snow!" Solomons also had his troubles with the Nigerian inability to say no. Most Nigerians speak tribal tongues, and the only English many of them learn is the word "yes." This prompted the exasperated promoter to tell his waiter, "I wish you were a girl." Said Solomons: "You can ring the boy for breakfast and order one pineapple juice and one tea, and he will say yes and come up with a tomato juice and a bloody coffee."

Solomons never really intended to hold this fight—or any other fight—in Nigeria, but he was so overwhelmed by the enthusiasm of Chief Johnson and the rest of the government that he changed his mind. "When we first came here to talk about the fight," he said, "we had *no* intention of putting it on. In this bloody Nigeria, where are they going to put on a world championship fight? But we figured—well, why not show the courtesy of talking to them. So, lo and behold, we go to Ibadan, and we find they've got as nice a stadium as you could find, and they're making all these preparations. Gor blimey, I couldn't get out of it."

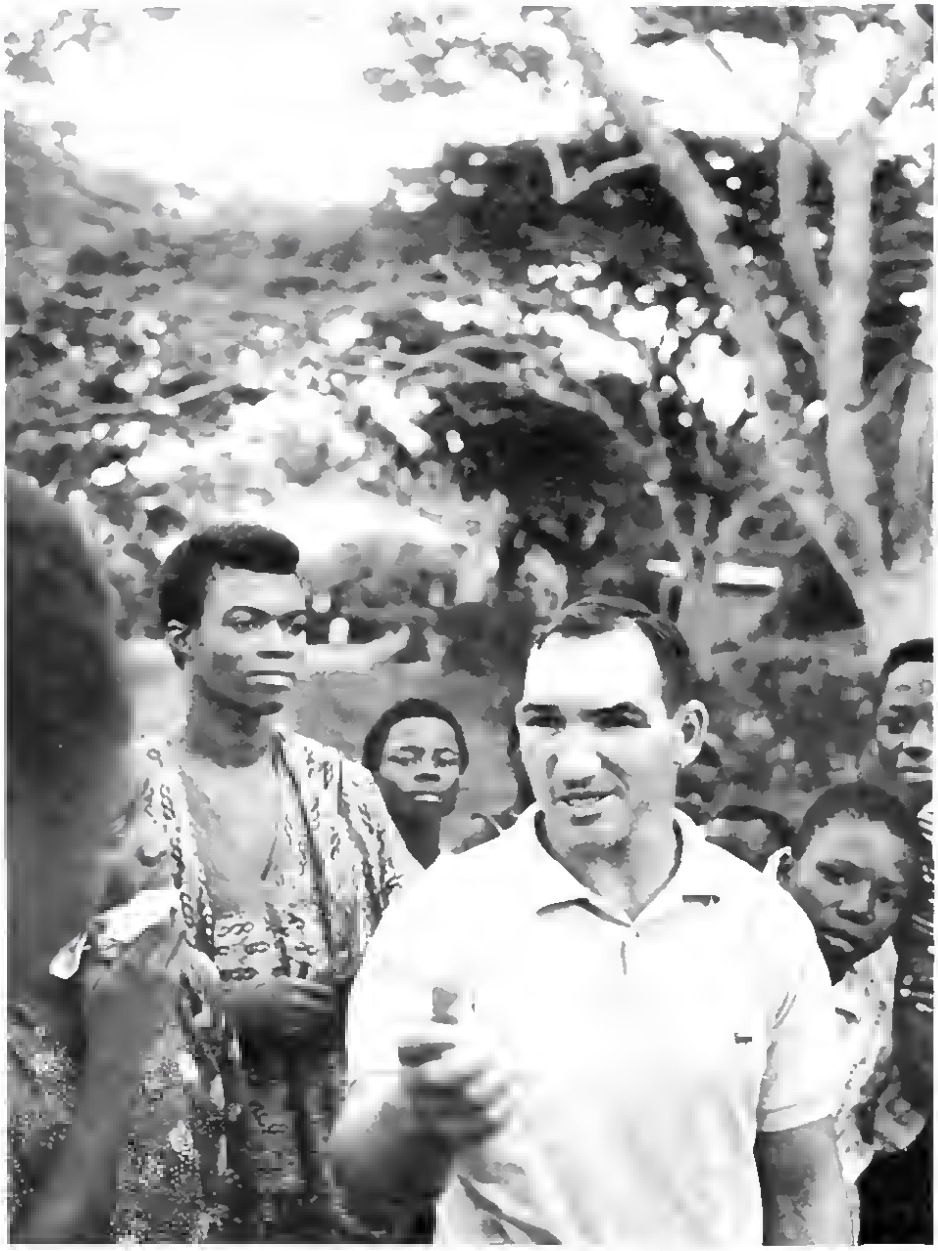
To the horror of some Nigerian intellectuals, who complained that the country was already behind one year in the second year of a six-year development program, the government guaranteed Solomons and the fighters $280,000. Solomons had all the official cooperation he wanted. He could not find enough chairs for the stadium infield, so, on the afternoon before the fight, the moment school was out in Lagos, the seaport capital 90 miles away from Ibadan, 3,500 chairs were loaded on 10 trucks and rushed to the stadium. There, Nigerian troops set them up and numbered them. Right after the fight they were folded up and shipped back to Lagos. "On Monday morning," Solomons said, "the kids will be sitting in them and never know I made money on them."

Despite the government's largess, money was a sore point with Solomons and other foreigners who had come to Nigeria for the fight. Nigerians are extraordinarily sweet, jolly, friendly and sporting, but no report would be accurate unless it pointed out that they have quickly learned as much about money as the sharpest pawnbroker. Citing street peddlers as a case in point, Chief Johnson said, "You go up to them to say good morning, and before you

continued



Top performer in show was Chief Johnson, Nigerian Minister of Labour and master actor.



Out for a stroll through Ibadan, Fullmer chats with Nigerian admirers. Challenger was popular with natives, whose affection for the American was a notable feature of fight week.

TIGER *continued*

are finished they have sold you a piece of string, an empty bottle and a dead body." At times Solomons seemed to think he was buying all the dead bodies. He picked up the check at his hotel for a reception for Fullmer. The total amount was $600, reasonable enough for 110 guests, but he exploded when he noted that the tab included 14¢ for two boxes of matches. Solomons' sidekick, Bobby Diamond, Tiger's rotund European manager, asked for matches at the hotel desk. "That will be sixpence, sar," said the clerk. "Well, then," said the astute Diamond, "do you have a light?"

A veteran correspondent warned, "Solomons thinks he has a $280,000 guarantee. He's so bloody smart. He'd better watch out or they'll take him." Taxicabs have meters, but the meter is always broken so the driver can charge a passenger extra. A high point of sorts was reached by one Ibadan cabbie who drove a visitor one block and demanded $1.50. The visitor gave 20¢, and the driver was overjoyed.

Another burden for visitors was the threat of disease. Many streets have open sewage, and malaria is not uncommon. Sprayers stalk about Ibadan hosing every ditch in sight and, although Ibadan is not New York, the sanitary measures are fairly effective. Still, the fear of disease remains with an unacclimated foreigner. Bobby Diamond drank a bottle of whisky and a bottle of wine at a reception and woke up in the middle of the night feeling frightful. "I've got malaria!" he screamed as he leaped from bed. He ran to the mirror, peered at himself and then exclaimed joyously, "Thank God, I'm drunk!"

Diamond got a lot of attention because of an unseemly quarrel with Marv Jenson, Fullmer's manager. This was not the usual prefight baloney—Chief Johnson was taking care of *that*—but a genuine feud. It started when Diamond charged that Fullmer, who had been granted one postponement only to ask for another, had turned yellow. At the hotel reception for Fullmer, Jenson demanded a retraction, whereupon Diamond said, "He's still yellow!" Then, when Jenson seemed to be hinting that Solomons and Diamond were up to hanky-panky, Solomons replied he would sue for libel. The quarrel was finally settled on the telephone, but Diamond fired the parting shot. "They shouldn't readmit Jenson to the States," he said. "He does more harm than anybody."

In another setting, the spat and Chief Johnson's high jinks might have tended to obscure the training activities of Tiger and Fullmer; not here. Both fighters were very much on the public mind. Nigerians jammed in line to buy tickets to workouts, looking for all the world like famine sufferers with hands upraised in old-time newsreel shots.

"Look at them," said Solomons happily. "Trying to give us their shillings."

One day so many Nigerians packed Tiger's camp, an army barracks, that Diamond called for troops to keep order. The soldiers came with sticks, and the crowd chased them away. The next day the soldiers came with blackjacks and kept the crowd at bay. The crowd kept screaming, "Tiger! Tiger!" So Tiger, who is not without a sense of humor, appeared holding his hands above his head and saying, "Vote for me, and I will promise you everything!"

For this occasion Tiger wore tribal robes, but he refused to allow himself to be photographed against a tree trunk because, he explained, "It would look like Nigeria is a jungle." Instead, to show progress, he posed in the middle of a paved road. Tiger liked to tease reporters by telling them he ate white men for

breakfast, adding he preferred whites medium rare. Chief Johnson, still insistent that he would fight on the undercard, went into training himself and even sparred a few rounds with the champ. "I did not hit him hard," said the chief upon emerging. "Would it not have been a terrible thing if I had harmed him before the big fight? So I only played with him."

The Nigerians were just as happy watching Fullmer train at Ibadan's University College gymnasium. Indeed, in the last few days before the fight, it was impossible for Fullmer to get out of his car for fear that the pressing crowd of admirers might accidentally injure him. The moment his car appeared on the street, crowds closed off both ends of the block screaming, "Foolmarrrr! Foolmarrrr!" The day before the fight, a 6-year-old boy stuck his head in the car and shouted, "Foolmarrrr! Hold that Tiger!" Then he ran off cackling at his own wit.

Kill our bum

If all this support for Fullmer seemed odd, it should be kept in mind that the Nigerian fan has been schooled in the ways of British fair play. "Sometimes," said Chief Johnson with a sigh, "this can be very annoying. When a fighter from Ghana comes here and makes a few good moves in the ring, suddenly the people will start chanting 'Ghana! Ghana!' and forget their own countryman."

A couple of days before the fight, the heavy rains washed away the railroad tracks between Lagos and Ibadan, forcing travelers to go by way of a so-called highway that is probably the most dangerous single stretch of road in existence. It has been nicknamed Murder Road. Poorly graded and afflicted with one-lane bridges at interesting intervals, Murder Road brings out the demon in Nigerian drivers, who customarily travel it at 70 and 80 miles per hour on the theory that they will not die until God wants them to die, no matter what they are doing. This fatalism has resulted not only in a fantastic death rate but in trucks bearing such side-panel slogans as "Jesus Watches Me" and "In God I Trust."

Jack Solomons found out for himself what Murder Road is really like when he was traveling to Ibadan with several British sportswriters. Twenty miles out of town a cow loped in front of the car, smashing the windshield into a thousand pieces. For two days the occupants were busy removing shards. Inexplicably, Solomons felt glass in his socks. He took them off and splinters poured out like sand. Of course, the cow was killed by the impact. A typical Nigerian cop appeared on the scene and said he didn't care to be bothered to hear about the accident because he was off duty and on his way home. Later on, to make sure that wrecks did not tie up traffic on Murder Road, the government thoughtfully dispatched four army derricks to dispose of debris.

On Saturday, the morning of the fight, rain doctors were still busy plucking feathers from parrots and draining off chicken blood. At Liberty Stadium several Nigerians showed up toting a life-sized granite statue of Tiger. They wanted a baffled Solomons to sign for it. But since no one knew anything about the statue, he refused and the Nigerians marched off with it. Rich chiefs from such neighboring West African countries as Ghana, Dahomey, Sierra Leone, Togo, Gambia and Guinea began arriving by airplane. Still determined to do combat for Nigeria, Chief Johnson showed up at the weigh-in as a potential participant. Garbed in no more than his undershorts and his considerable dignity, he shook the scales at 238 pounds. Fullmer, who was overweight on Friday, reduced in the final 24 hours to a stripped 160. Tiger had trained down perfectly to 159¾.

By late afternoon a crowd of 30,000 was standing outside Liberty Stadium, cheering the 25,000 going in. A capacity house of 46,000 would have given the show a $20,000 profit; but someone, presumably Chief Johnson, had overestimated the Nigerian public's ability to pay anything more than the $1.50 for standing room. The standing-room section, designed to hold 6,000, was oversold. It was filled to the brim three hours before the fight, and newcomers who courageously fought their way to the top row, which afforded the best view of the ring, were, upon arrival, tossed downward bodily until they reached the bottom row with a thud. As a result, terrible fights went on constantly. At an American stadium the situation would have bred a riot, but at Liberty Stadium these melees were received as welcome divertissements, and thousands cheered happily as bodies flew through the air. Spielers delivered commercials

continued



At Tiger's training camp, a Nigerian youngster gives some sparring lessons to a visiting writer, Sports Illustrated's Jack Olsen, as other giggling kids enjoy the spectacle.

for sundry products over the public address system, and vendors hawked such local delicacies as banana cream and Fanta, a popular orange pop.

At 6 o'clock Governor-General Dr. Nnamdi Azikiwe, his wife and daughter arrived in a Rolls-Royce as the crowd shouted "Zeke," its nickname for the popular guy. There were also some shouts of joy for Chief Johnson, who—resplendent in green-and-silver robe, wooden beads and green velvet hat with gold braid—waved a gorgeous white feather fan in salutation. The ring announcer drew a big laugh and cheers when he said that Chief Johnson was scheduled to box a man from Ghana, but "the man from Ghana has not arrived so Chief Johnson is the winner."

The preliminaries were wild affairs with the undercard fighters slipping and sliding all over the ring. Said Solomons: "I looked all over the country for resin, but I could only find enough for the main event." Nigerian referees demanded that a fighter be all but dead before he lost. In the first prelim, for instance, a Ghana fistfighter named Tei Dovi was beaten unmercifully by Ray Adigun of Nigeria. Dovi was knocked down nine times in the first four rounds before his corner threw in a red towel.

Just before the main event every light in the stadium was turned out, leaving the whole place as dark as only an African night can be. Then, to the sudden fanfare of trumpets, two spotlights shot into the darkness, lighting up Fullmer as he emerged from an underground walkway. He was wearing a *kente*, a short robe reaching to the bottom of his trunks, and the crowd roared "Foolmarr" in appreciation. The lights were doused again and then lit up to catch Tiger, who was also wearing a *kente*, which he topped with Chief Johnson's hat and a broad grin. A phonograph ground out what must have been the first recording ever made of *The Star-Spangled Banner*, followed by the Nigerian national anthem, and then both fighters were introduced to thunderous applause. That was the end of the cheering for Fullmer as Tiger took over from the start.

Fullmer looked fat, as though he had put back all the pounds he had sweated off to make the weight. He tried to stay away from Tiger but he was not fast enough. Tiger knocked him from corner to corner. By the third round, Fullmer's tactics were reduced to crisscrossing his elbows in front of his face to avoid getting hit. Even so, Tiger opened up cuts on both cheekbones. In the fourth, Fullmer's arms gave out, and Tiger landed at will for a full minute. "Stop it! Stop it!" the crowd chanted. In the sixth, Tiger sliced open a wicked cut over Fullmer's right eye. Fullmer's face was red with blood, and every time Tiger whacked him the gore splashed into the ringside seats. "Fight, Gene, fight!" Jenson yelled from the corner, though it was obvious Fullmer had all he could do just to stand up. At the end of the round, Trainer Angelo Curley said, "Gene, let's stop it. You've got all the money in the world. You don't need this." Fullmer refused, but by the end of the seventh he could not see out of the right eye and he did not demur when Jenson signaled surrender.

Joyous Nigerians overflowed the ring, and the hubbub was such that it took 10 minutes before Tiger's win could be announced officially. But Tiger's victory had never been in doubt, at least not in the minds of Chief Johnson and Zeke, the Governor-General. At the end of the fight, Zeke issued a statement to Tiger that he had had mimeographed the day before: "You have once again established your superiority as kingpin of the middleweights. Continue to be humble and charitable in your dispositions but lead a clean life to enable you to give a worthy account of yourself when occasion demands it." Then everyone went out to celebrate.

Perhaps the postfight victory parties, and Ibadan's zany week in particular, were best summed up by a poster announcing that Expensive Eddie Okunta and His Rhythm Dandies would play for a "None Stop Dance," where folks would do the High Life, a domesticated war dance done to music not unlike rock 'n' roll. The poster for the None Stop Dance advised, "Bring Your Own Dame and Avoid Disappointment." **END**



Tired from 13 years of middleweight wars, dehydrated to make the weight, normally bull-strong Fullmer was battered by superbly conditioned Tiger. By Round 4 it was clear Fullmer had lost—and was through as a fighter.



AN ACCOMPLISHED BUT DOUBTING DUTCHMAN

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

Ron VanderKelen, rookie Viking querterbeck, tries to hide his considereble telent under a thick layer of epprehension. Coach Normen Van Brocklin leughs end seys: "Vendy is dendy"

On the day before he was to be principally liable for the College All-Stars' gibbeting of the Green Bay Packers, Ron VanderKelen (*see cover*), the bashful-boy-marvelous Wisconsin quarterback who now is in the loving care and employ of the Minnesota Vikings, sat in his hotel room in suburban Chicago in Bermuda shorts, a plaid shirt and sneakers without socks and carefully collected his doubts. He is a football player of considerable talent, which he keeps just below the surface of his considerable apprehensions. Everything was moving so fast, he said, that the only thing he could be sure was stationary was his heart, which had been lodged in his mouth for some time. He determined



Lee Balterman

1) that he would not play a nickel against the Packers and if he did he probably would fumble, 2) that he would play and his valor would make headlines: 1) that the Vikings would be proud, 2) that the Vikings didn't really give a rip because who needs him? 1) that his future was bright as Saturday at the beach, 2) that his future was grim as Saturday at the beach in the rain.

"At night," he said, "I lie there in bed, in the dark, wide-awake, thinking and planning how it will all turn out. I remind myself that my future's at stake and the Vikings are watching. I play the game in my mind, imagining every play. I can even hear the people cheer and stuff like that. On the first play I give the ball to Ben Wilson and he goes for four. Then I roll out and hit Pat [Richter, a Wisconsin co-captain and two-year All-America end] with a 10-yard pass. Then the Packers trap me and somehow I get away, and—well, it goes on like that. I never fumble in my imaginary game. I never make a mistake.

"I've had it all planned since I was a kid in the sixth grade in Preble, my hometown. It's a suburb of Green Bay. Did you know the city of Preble paid my mother's way to see me play in the Rose Bowl game last January? Anyway, this friend of mine, Gary Liehert, we were going to be professional football players, maybe for the Packers, but it real-

continued

AS A PART OF HAZING AT VIKING CAMP, VANDERKELEN HAS TO SING "ON, WISCONSIN" WHEN VETERAN IN MESS HALL DEMANDS IT



ly didn't matter. That was in the sixth grade. We had our life's course all charted. Then in the seventh grade I got my front teeth busted in a game and I vowed I'd never play football again."

He showed his visitor a thick notebook he had been studying. He said it was the play book of the Minnesota Vikings and that it was a mass of memorabilia so complicated in nomenclature that he would surely need a teleprompter to help him get things straight in the huddle. "The way you have to call plays," he said. "It's not just '64 on two,' it's 'Semaphore flex, open four right, 74 flat, shallow, Y post, on one,' or something like that. The quarterback has to tell everybody what to do. Even on pass patterns. I don't think football has to be that complicated."

He got up and went to the bureau where a thick crossword puzzle book, next to a Catholic prayerbook, was open to a puzzle half completed. "It helps improve my vocabulary," he said. "Boy, the words they come up with. A-a-r. Aar, 'a river in Switzerland.' Ever hear of the Aar River?" He picked up the book. "I work a lot of these," he said. "I figure maybe I'll need a good vocabulary just to call the plays for the Vikings."

Ben Wilson, the big fullback from Southern California, stuck his head in the door to ask VanderKelen if he was available to be a fourth for bridge. VanderKelen declined. "They really play the game wild," he said as Wilson left. "Get a big laugh out of every trick. There's not much to do around here except eat and practice and play bridge and stuff like that. I went to a raunchy movie down the street the other night, but most of the time I sit and watch that thing," he said, pointing to the television set. "Got kind of lonely after Pat moved out. His wife came down for the game and he's staying with her.

"My girl said she was going to try to make it but I doubt that she will. She's an actress, or studying to be one, and they've got a big dress rehearsal at this summer theater in Appleton. Her name's Karen Krumm. I met her last January at a charity telethon. She was Miss March of Dimes and I was in an iron lung. Had to stay there until enough contributions were made to get me out. She stood by and talked to me. We're not engaged or anything. Not yet. You know how actresses are. Always something doing, summer stock and stuff like that. There was one stretch where I saw her once in about six weeks. You can never be sure with an actress, so I'm not building my hopes up.

"I'll tell you who I depended on and that's Pat Richter. It's going to be strange not having him to throw to with the Vikings. He was the guy I looked for at Wisconsin. He said he could always tell when I was in trouble because he could hear my squeaky voice yelling, 'Pat! Pat!' Otto Graham [the All-Star coach] cautioned me a couple of times here in practice about throwing to Pat's side every time. Mix it up, he said. I've got to get used to the idea there are other people on this earth who can catch a football."

VanderKelen came from nothing to be the Wisconsin quarterback and the Big Ten's 1962 Most Valuable Player. He was almost unanimously unbelieved in by professional scouts who couldn't imagine anyone becoming so good so soon. Prior to the season, his action was wrapped up in a minute and a half of a lopsided game with Marquette in 1959 (he was hurt in 1960 and scholastically ineligible in 1961), and the most charitable thing the Wisconsin publicist could think to say about him was that he was good on defense. In the early part of the season Wisconsin Coach Milt Bruhn rode VanderKelen hard. "He blamed me for everything. We won four straight games but you'd have thought we'd lost four straight." Though beyond intimidation on the field, with the composure and resourcefulness that showed up so well against the Packers, VanderKelen is shattered by criticism. Names break his bones. "I wanted to quit, and I would have," he said. Richter interceded. He went to Bruhn and asked him to lay off. "After that," said VanderKelen, "he [Bruhn] came to me and told me we were going to be 'pals' from then on. It was a good thing because we sure weren't pals up until then."

VanderKelen's sister, Mrs. Betty Kaminski, came to visit him at the hotel. She said she has been his confidant since their father died in 1954. They have in common wide-set eyes and dark good looks and the high-sinus midwestern accent (Ron directs the "oaf-fense"), and, said VanderKelen, "If you give Betty five minutes she'll tell you my life history."

"I write him letters to boost his morale," said Betty. "He's always underestimating himself." Ron told her she had better prepare herself for the melancholy facts: there were three other quarterbacks in the All-Star camp—Glynn Griffing, Terry Baker and Sonny Gibbs—"and they're all better than I am. So don't expect to see me play very much. I'll probably get in for two plays and that'll be it." "Nonsense," said Betty.

VanderKelen said he wished Graham would at least name the starting quarterback to relieve the suspense. "It's important to be the first guy," he said, "because if you get a hot hand he might let you stay. It's this not knowing that bothers me. I remember after the regular season at Wisconsin. I was really counting on being drafted by one of the National Football League teams. Every day I'd rush back to the dorms at Madison to see if there were any calls. They always call you before they draft you so they'll have an idea whether you're willing or not. There never was one. I got pretty discouraged. The New York team in the American League drafted me on the 21st round, but it must have been an afterthought because they never called me either. I said the hell with it. I'll forget about pro football. Then came the Rose Bowl game."

Ron VanderKelen at the Rose Bowl has been compared with Hannibal at Saguntum, with General McAuliffe at Bastogne, with Charles Wells at the roulette wheel in Monte Carlo. In a breathtaking finish that broke records and sold seats for many Rose Bowls to come, his passes—33 of them for 401 yards—winged Wisconsin from behind at 42–14 at half time to within five points of Southern California before time ran out.

"After that I averaged 20 letters a day," said VanderKelen. "All kinds of letters. One girl named Marilyn, from Kansas I believe, told me she was going to divorce her husband and wanted my advice. She gave me details on what she looked like. I didn't answer that one. Anyway, eight pro teams finally contacted me. I had to get a lawyer, Gene Calhoun of Madison, to help me decide what to do. I didn't want to make an issue over the money because I was afraid there'd be hard feelings if I ever got traded. There was a rumor in Green Bay just recently, you know, that some team was going to trade for me—that's how those things happen. The thing to

continued



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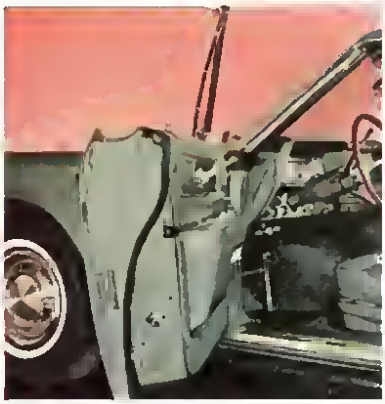
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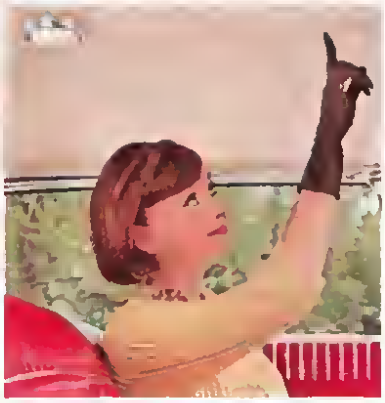
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do, I decided, was to get a contract, make good and then worry about the money next year.

"I chose Minnesota because I liked [Coach Norm] Van Brocklin and because I thought with the Vikings I might get a chance to play. I knew they had Fran Tarkenton and he's great but I figured they were still a new team and there would be games they would lose by big scores and I'd get in.

"Van Brocklin said I had to be O.K. because I was Dutch. 'Vandy the Dandy,' he kept calling me. I don't think he knew my full name. He was very enthusiastic when I signed. He's talked to me since, though, and he doesn't seem quite so enthusiastic. I wonder sometimes what he needed me for anyway."

The Vikings needed VanderKelen because his Rose Bowl performance merited a look, even though they had thought so little about hiring another quarterback (help was needed in other areas first) that they hadn't drafted one until the 20th round, when they chose as a "future," Auburn junior Mallon Kent. Also, and more important, they had been terribly upstaged by AFL teams —they lost in the bidding for their two top draft choices, Bobby Bell of Minnesota and Jim Dunaway of Mississippi —and this necessitated a shot in the image. Publicitywise, getting VanderKelen was a potful: Old Dutchman Van Brocklin, the quarterback "whose passes ought to be in a museum," they used to say, and Young Dutchman VanderKelen. "We don't give no-cut contracts," said Van Brocklin. "I wouldn't give my wife a five-year lock-in like Bell got to sign with Kansas City. You can't coach a boy who has that kind of deal. But Vandy will make it with us. You can bet on that. He's dandy."

VanderKelen was not so sure. "I've got to make the team," he said, "and that's why it's so important to look good against the Packers."

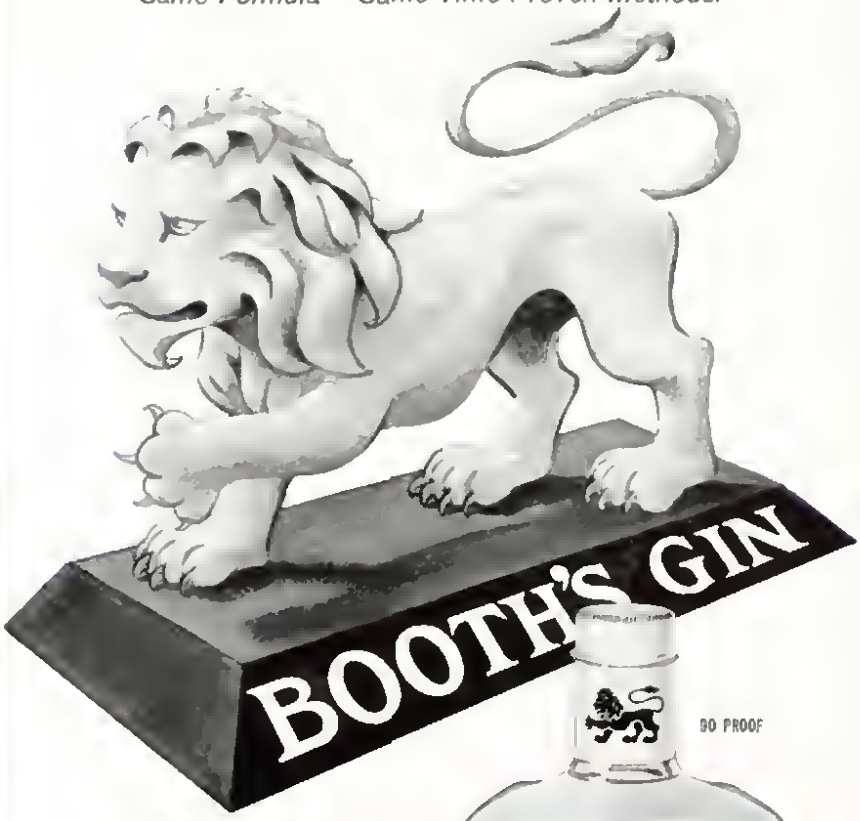
Against the Packers, of course, he was not just good, he was brilliant. "He has the most poise, the most professional sense of the offense of any of the four quarterbacks in camp," said Graham privately two days before the game. "He'll start and go as long as he does well." Two early fumbles in which he was involved did not fluster VanderKelen. He subsequently completed five passes in a row, and kept his head up and his smallish body (6 feet 1, 180

continued

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pounds) snug in the pocket as crashing Packer ends and tackles convoyed around him. This is rare in a young quarterback. The tendency is to panic and break out. On the sixth pass, the protection disintegrated before the Packer charge. Still, VanderKelen was serene. He sidestepped one man, and dipped his shoulder to another. "It was the linebacker, Ken Iman," he said. "I could see his face as he went by." He quickly reset and passed perfectly downfield into the hands of Northwestern's Paul Flatley. Flatley dropped the pass, but it was, on Vandy's part, the kind of move that brings a pro coach out of his chair.

VanderKelen finished the game with nine completed passes in 11 attempts (the other two should have been caught) for 141 yards, and the 11th pass was to old faithful Richter on a play that covered 74 yards for the winning touchdown. "The kid's got it, that's all, he's got it," said Packer End Max McGee. Back at Chicago's Sherman House, VanderKelen drank a large Coke at the soda fountain and then went upstairs to a celebration so modest no self-respecting hero would want to admit to it—with his sister, her husband and two older couples from Preble in a tiny room on the fifth floor. At 2 a.m., Karen Krumm called from Madison to say she'd be there at 5 to add her personal congratulations.

The next morning VanderKelen and Flatley, an excellent pass receiver who figures immediately in Viking plans, flew to Minneapolis, where they were taken to lunch by Auto Dealer H. P. Skoglund, an owner of the team. "It's embarrassing, all this attention," said VanderKelen. They then were taken aboard a chartered flight carrying Viking fans to the Saturday night scrimmage at the training camp in Bemidji.

Bemidji is an unimposing little resort town in the beautiful lake region of Minnesota. Like most campsites, it is just small enough to have no diversionary threats and just out-of-the-way enough to be confining. VanderKelen leaned across the aisle to Flatley. "They're giving me No. 11," he said. "That's Van Brocklin's old number when he was with the Eagles. That's bad news. They're expecting an awful lot if they think I'm another Van Brocklin."

On arrival at Bemidji, VanderKelen and Flatley were hurried away to be photographed with Van Brocklin. The photographer had Van Brocklin hold up a No. 11 jersey for VanderKelen, who took a gingerly grip on its shirttail. "Vandy's a dandy," chirped Van Brocklin.

The Vikings train at the state college on a field overlooking Bemidji Lake. They sleep in the men's dorms of the college, two to a room, and eat in the school cafeteria. Flatley and VanderKelen were assigned as roommates, and that night were introduced at the scrimmage as they stood in street clothes behind the bench on the sidelines. Young fans clustered around VanderKelen for his autograph. Uneasy, he moved up and down the field so as not to appear too available. "Looks like the season's over for me," he said. "I don't think I'm going to like it here. It's strange. I don't feel at home."

On the field, Tarkenton was faring poorly against the Viking defense, and John McCormick was put in at quarterback. "He's got No. 15," VanderKelen said. "That's my old number. I wish I still had it." McCormick did no better. Van Brocklin, directing the scrimmage from behind the offense, kicked at the ground. "He looks like he's about to boil," said VanderKelen. "He looks like the type who could really chew you out." Tarkenton, back to pass, was trapped for a long loss. From the stands across the way a fan yelled, "We want VanderKelen," and someone else picked it up in another section. "We want VanderKelen!" VanderKelen dropped his head. "That's what I hate," he said. "I don't even know the plays yet."

The next day Van Brocklin called him in for a private meeting, "to see how much you've learned."

"First of all," said Van Brocklin, "you'll see in the introduction that that notebook is worth $200 if you lose it."

"I remember that," said VanderKelen.

"I thought you would," said Van Brocklin, smiling.

They went over terminology—"Tom," "Roger," "Green," "Seal Block," etc. VanderKelen had quick answers to almost every question. Van Brocklin, affable and reassuring, was pleased. "Very good," he said. "You've got good retentive powers." He clapped VanderKelen on the head with an eraser and left a huge chalk mark. "Vandy's a dandy," he laughed, brushing off the

chalk. VanderKelen was smiling, too.

"I don't baby my quarterbacks," said Van Brocklin later. "I don't believe in it. But you won't catch me berating them in front of the team either. It's vital to build up confidence in a quarterback and you don't do that by tearing him down in front of people. I like VanderKelen. He has a mind of his own. He's a good thinker. As soon as he learns all the plays he'll be O.K."

"I'm getting my feet on the ground now," said VanderKelen after two days of practice. "Sometimes I have to stop in the middle of the play and ask, 'Is that right?' But it's coming. The guys have been coming around and I'm learning their names. Tarkenton told me to come down and see him any time I had a question. I'll have some as soon as I know for sure what's going on."

The rookies, traditionally, sit at the first table in the cafeteria at the Viking camp, and they are obliged, by tradition, to sing their college songs at the whim of a veteran. On Tuesday, VanderKelen was called on. "Sing, VanderKelen!" "Gosh, look, it's Ron VanderKelen!" "You don't mean *the* Ron VanderKelen?" "Show us your trophies, VanderKelen!" "*Sing!*"

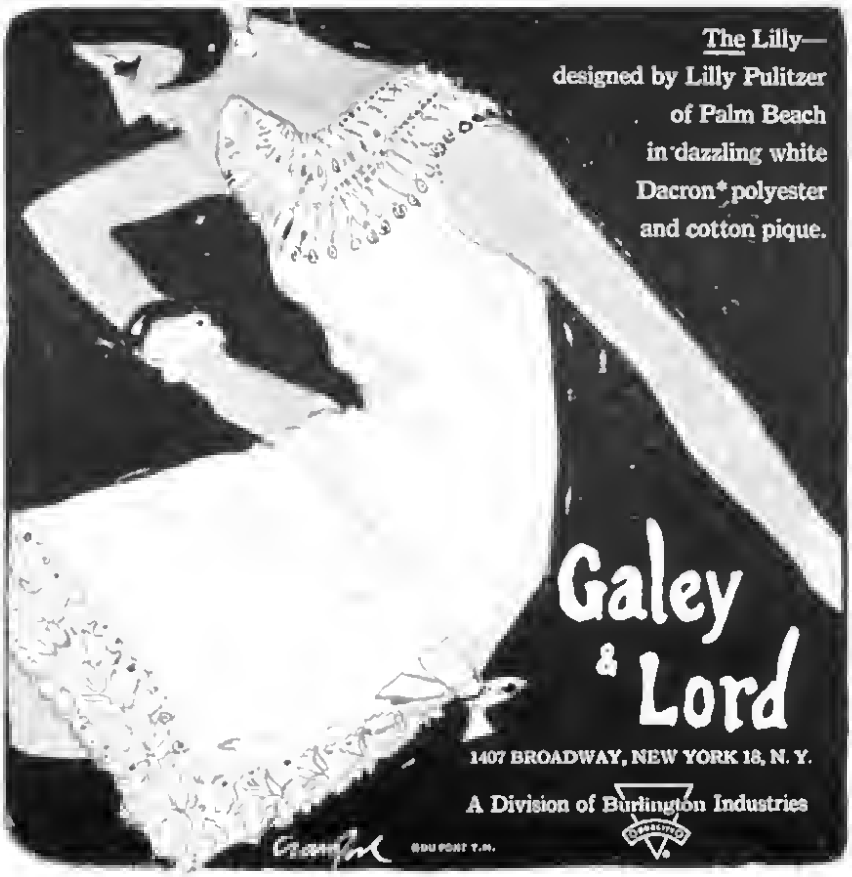
In failing baritone, VanderKelen rendered *On, Wisconsin* from atop his chair, his right hand over his heart, his grin wide and foolish.

The next night there was a rebellion. The rookies refused to sing anything but *On, I-o-way* and the veterans, enraged, vowed retaliation. It came with a full-scale water fight that started on the second floor of the dormitories and spilled onto the first. VanderKelen, trapped outside his room, was swamped. "About six guys got me," he said happily. "They were going to shave my head—they'd already got one of the guys and shaved him—but they let me off. The water must have been an inch deep on the second floor. It dripped through the ceiling into Van Brocklin's room. He made us towel it up.

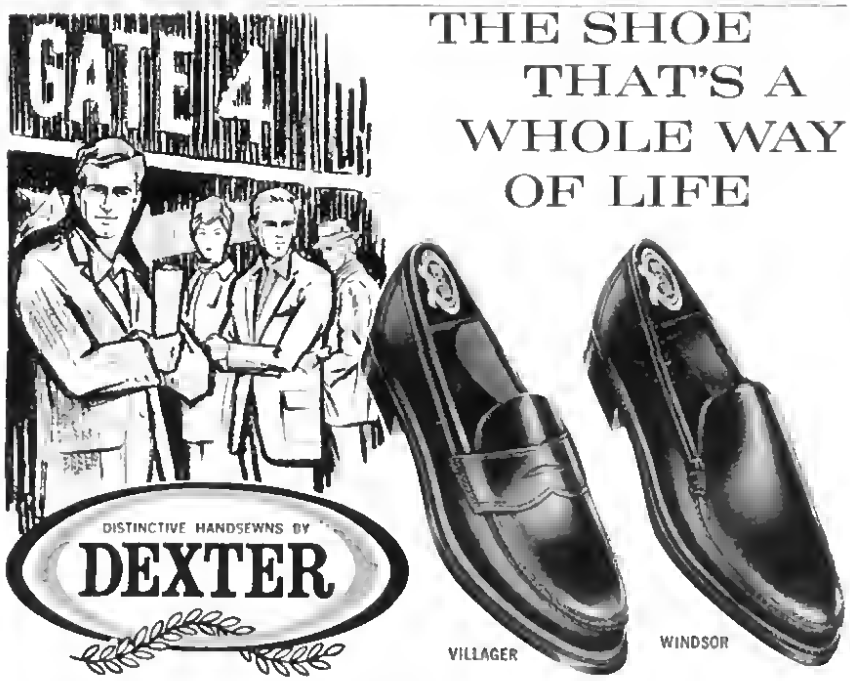
"Thursday we're going to have Rookie Night at the school auditorium. A series of impromptu skits. I'm going to play Van Brocklin. No holds barred. It'll be great."

He said he had been told he probably would start this weekend in the exhibition game at Los Angeles, his first trip there since the Rose Bowl game.

"You know," he said, "I think I might be going to like pro football." **END**



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JUST HOW DUMB CAN THEY BE?







Reaching to his right, Clay Dalrymple of the Phillies backhands a low outside pitch



Ripping off his mask, the Giants' Tom Haller charges after a tricky dribbler

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Of the 25,000 species of fish in the world, none arouses more interest among American anglers than *Micropterus salmoides*, the largemouth bass. Unlike his cousin *Micropterus dolomieu*, the smallmouth bass, and trout, the largemouth is present in ponds and lakes in every state except Alaska. He is, by a combination of sheer weight of numbers and extent of range and fight, the most popular American gamefish.

The man who knows the most about the ecology of the largemouth bass is Dr. George W. Bennett, chief of the Aquatic Biology Section of the Illinois Natural History Survey in Urbana. And what he has to say may come as a surprise to many anglers and a number of state fish and game commissions. For instance, Dr. Bennett thinks there should be no closed season on largemouths. "I don't see how any honest biologist could back up that closed season business," he says. "Every fishery biologist knows that it's a lot of baloney. Why penalize the fishermen? You take away the best period there is, the spring. The fishermen are just paying the penalty for something not based on any fact at all."

Bennett also thinks there should be neither creel limit nor minimum legal length because it is virtually impossible to fish out a bass pond. Bennett's research has proved that the moderately fertile largemouth pond or lake supports about 50 pounds of bass per acre. This poundage averages out to about 100 bass of all sizes, with 25 of them 10 inches or more. The most successful fishermen can catch only 60% of the bass and, if other species are present to compete for the available food, the danger is too many fish rather than too few.

Now 55, Dr. Bennett has been studying fresh water gamefish, particularly bass, for more than half his life. A strapping, soft-spoken Nebraskan (he sounds like Gary Cooper playing Wild Bill Hickok), he received his B.A. at Doane College, a small liberal arts school of which his uncle was president, his M.A. at the University of Nebraska and his Ph.D. at Wisconsin. In 1938, he joined the Illinois Natural History Survey. In 1941, he took charge of the newly opened Ridge Lake laboratory for studies of largemouth bass in Fox Ridge State Park, seven miles south of Charleston in the east-central part of the state, and his findings are based on a 22-year study conducted there and at ponds and lakes elsewhere in Illinois.

Dr. Bennett has written any number of scientific papers, and his book, *Management of Artificial Lakes and Ponds*, which Reinhold published last year at $8, is an invaluable work on the art and science of producing the maximum annual number of wild fish. Dr. Bennett is a Fellow of the American Institute of Fishery Research Biologists and a former president of the Upper Mississippi River Conservation Committee. Besides his work at Ridge Lake, Dr. Bennett is in-

THIS IS THE FISH YOU

An eminent biologist explains why anglers should not be penalized by needless regulations on the largemouth bass and offers reliable fishing tips ***by ROBERT H. BOYLE***

Illustration by John Langley Howard



volved in a couple of other major projects. At Dundee, in the northern part of the state, he has 15 experimental ponds stocked with largemouths, smallmouths, bluegill sunfish, bullheads and perch for a study on population dynamics. At Havana, on the Illinois River, he is attempting to reestablish lakes that were drained by the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers in a turn-of-the-century flood control project. Before the army constructed levees and upriver reservoirs, the Illinois used to yield the greatest crop of fresh-water fish in the country, 24 million pounds a year.

Ridge Lake is to aquatic biologists what the Institute for Advanced Studies at Princeton is to scholars. Eighteen acres in extent, it was especially built for the Illinois Natural History Survey by the Civilian Conservation Corps. When it was finished, Dr. Bennett stocked it with 435 largemouths. All the largemouths that have come out of that lake—and there have been 27,000 of them so far—are descendants of that original stock.

Since 1942, Ridge Lake has been open to public fishing on a highly controlled basis. Every fisherman is logged in and out of the red brick laboratory that stands on the shore of the lake. The fisherman may fish only from a boat which the survey provides free of charge, and he is required to keep every fish caught, no matter how small. Upon his return to the dock, a laboratory assistant notes, on a special yellow card made out in the name of the fisherman, the number of hours fished, the kind of fish caught, the length (to the nearest 10th of an inch), weight (to the 100th of a pound) and the bait used. The assistant also notes any fins that were clipped during periodic censuses of the lake. In addition, he takes 15 to 20 scales from each bass. These are later studied to show age and growth patterns. Fish scales can be read in much the same manner as the annual rings on a tree stump; each ring on the scale designates one year. A fish keeps the same scales throughout its life, and they grow in size as the fish grows. The annual rings on the scales are laid down in the spring, when the fish, after a dormant period, begins its yearly growth. The growth rate of the fish determines the space between the rings. When the fish grows rapidly, the space is wide; conversely, when the growth is slow, the rings are close together.

Besides all the data collected on fish from Ridge Lake, there have been innumerable studies on the lake itself. For example, biologists have investigated such phenomena as rainfall, thermal stratification, aquatic plants, plankton and bottom fauna and water transparency. In short then, Ridge Lake, under Dr. Bennett's direction, has been studied upside down and inside out. It is a fishery biologist's dream, or, as Dr. Bennett puts it, "a great toy."

One of Dr. Bennett's first projects in the early years at the lake was a study

continued

CAN'T CATCH TOO MANY OF



of the factors that controlled the size and poundage of a largemouth population. At the time, most fishery biologists believed that the largemouth population depended on the number of other fish, usually bluegill sunfish, on which the bass could prey for sustenance. The normal ratio was considered to be three or four bluegills for every one bass, and it was thought that if the bluegill population dropped, the bass would suffer accordingly.



BEST BAITS at Ridge Lake are (*from top*) yellow popper, nightcrawler and blue jig

But studies at Ridge Lake showed these assumptions to be invalid. Dr. Bennett discovered this in the following way. Up until 1943, Ridge Lake contained only largemouths. A drainage census of the lake that year revealed that each acre averaged 48.2 pounds of bass, just about what the lake should produce. In 1944, Dr. Bennett stocked the lake with 129 bluegills, and when he drained the lake the next year in 1945, the bass poundage had dipped to 39.6 pounds per acre, while the bluegills averaged 8.4 pounds per acre. He returned both bass and bluegills to the lake and, two years later, he drained the lake again. This time the bass poundage had slumped to 31.5 pounds per acre, while the bluegill poundage had jumped to a startling 193.3 pounds. All told, at the time of this census—this was in 1947, only three years after the stocking of the 129 bluegills—Ridge Lake contained the astonishing total of 67,700 bluegills. Dr. Bennett removed 66,000 of these permanently, returning only 1,700. As a result, the largemouth population once again started to increase.

The reason for the bluegill population explosion, Dr. Bennett explains, is that largemouths are not solely piscivorous, as biologists thought, but omnivorous. Only half their diet is made up of fish. Thus the bluegills were able to increase rapidly, and as they did they not only ravaged the small bass coming off nests as fry but also competed successfully with them for such food as crayfish and other crustaceans (*Daphnia*, *Chydorus*, *Bosmina*, *Diaptomus* and *Cyclops*), nymphs (damselflies and dragonflies) and frogs. "As the bluegills go up, the bass go down," Dr. Bennett says. He is now able to control the bluegill population by drawing the water level of the lake down 15 feet in the fall. As the water recedes, the bass dive for the bottom, but the numerous small bluegills seek cover on higher ground and are ultimately left abandoned on the shore. "When there are no natural predators, man must take their place," Dr. Bennett says.

Unless a pond owner is absolutely wild over fishing for bluegills, Dr. Bennett cautions against stocking bluegills with largemouths. The bass will do well enough on their own, though they are unlikely to grow to lunker size. For that, forage fish are necessary, and for this, Dr. Bennett recommends lake chubsuckers. He prefers them over other species of fish because they do not stir up the bottom, they feed on aquatic organisms the bass usually ignore, and they produce large numbers of young at the time small bass are coming off the nests. On no account, Dr. Bennett says, should any carp or goldfish be released in bass waters. Both are highly reproductive; in point of fact, goldfish may spawn within 36 hours after stocking. Moreover, both goldfish and carp root up the bottom for food. This makes the water turbid, and silt can prevent bass eggs from hatching. The turbidity also makes it difficult for mature bass to eat since they feed by sight.

As a result of Dr. Bennett's research, the state of Illinois has done away with closed seasons on largemouths. "I think the closed season is the silliest law ever concocted," he says. "We presume that by closing the season we're going to have a lot of bass, and that isn't true at all. The whole thing revolves around the fact that it isn't the fishermen who control the number of bass, but the other fish populations. We know from our experience at Ridge Lake that any time the bluegill population rises above 2,000 fish per acre, they're going to start depressing the bass. It's a mistake to close the season, impose a creel limit and a minimum length, and wait for the bass to build up to a big population. The bass never do on this basis.

"There's only one reason for a creel limit on bass that I can think of, and that is because some fishermen are successful and others are not. Our studies show that 10% of the fishermen—and it's consistently the same 10%—catch 80% of the bass, and the remaining 90% catch only 20%. A creel limit stops those 10% from making hogs of themselves. There wouldn't be any danger to the fish, but it would be a waste of fish. In the old days, fishermen used to catch 100 to 200 bass apiece in a day on the Illinois River. They caught so many that they just dumped them on garbage heaps.

"Legal length? What's the basis for legal length? So the bass can reach maturity and spawn. But what difference does it make, if one pair of bass is capable of repopulating a lake like this with its own spawn? We know that Ridge Lake won't support more than 2,000 bass of assorted sizes, from four inches to nine pounds. Now suppose that in some way you could take 1,900 of those bass out of here and leave only 100. And we'll assume that half of those 100 are females. Well, we know from counting eggs and checking broods of young that one of those big females is capable of producing 10,000 young. We know that this lake won't support more than 2,000 bass, and yet this one bass can produce five times that. Why impose a length limit so that each bass can reach sexual maturity? Nobody is going to catch 1,900 of the 2,000 bass here. Nobody's going to catch near that many. In our most successful sea-

sons here, fishermen have been able to catch only 60% of the available bass, about 50% of the total poundage. And that 50%—and we think probably more—can be replaced in one season. When bass are taken out, they leave available the food they would have eaten, so the bass that are not caught are capable of growing much more rapidly.

"Fish have indeterminate growth. When you buy a pup, you can say that within a year he will reach mature size, and after that he won't be any larger in bone structure, whether you feed him well or poorly. But a fish keeps growing throughout its life, depending on the amount of food it can swallow and digest. It doesn't grow an inch this year and an inch next year. A fingerling bass in this part of the country can, with good food, get up to 11 inches in one summer. If it has poor feeding, it may be only two and a half inches long at the end of the summer. We've seen bass nine years old and only nine inches long. The only thing that grows are the eyes. Why the eyes grow, I don't know. They're oversized in a stunted fish.

"The danger in the average lake or pond is too many fish rather than too few. The idea is sometimes hard to sell to fishermen. But the fact is, overpopulated ponds often seem to contain no fish. The exceptional fishing found in a naturally primitive environment—before man comes in, settles down and spoils it—is the result of predation and growth. Predators prevent any one species of fish from becoming overabundant, because they're continually being thinned out. Those that survive grow rapidly.

"In evolution, fishes represent a very old group. They've been around millions of years. As they evolved, predators came along and evolved with them. As new forms of predators evolved, such as fish-eating birds, reptiles, amphibians and mammals, the fish evolved to compensate for this, probably by laying more eggs. So over the years, relatively high predation and relatively high production of young became the norm. The welfare of the fish population actually depended on this high predation. If there were not this high predation in primitive areas, the fish would overpopulate the natural environment.

"Here is a good example. When I was out at McCook, Nebraska, we used to take trips to the primitive northern part of the state to fish and hunt. We located a lake, five miles long and about a mile wide, that was filled with thousands of bullheads. They were whoppers, for bullheads. Most of them went to a pound, a pound and a half. We'd go in with hip boots and use worms, and the limiting factor as to how fast you could catch them was how fast you could put a worm on. They were all big. You'd catch so many that you'd get to the point where you could hardly drag your stringer out of the lake. Now, bullheads are notorious for overpopulating and stunting. So it was very unusual to have such consistently large ones.

"One year we got the idea of going duck hunting up there. So we drove all night and arrived just before daybreak. We really thought we were going to have some good shooting, but we never used a shell. We saw no ducks, only the fish-eating, fish-tasting American mergansers. They're rough. You can't eat them. So we had to move to another lake to get mallards. Now a rancher there told us those mergansers came through that bullhead lake, spring and fall, regularly. They'd stay a couple of weeks, and obviously they were culling the small bullheads, thus leaving the big ones for us to catch.

"The only places where fish-eating birds do damage is in hatcheries or in trout streams where there are concentrations of hatchery-reared trout that have been stocked. And, of course, both of these are artificial situations."



ACTIVE SCHOLAR. *Dr. Bennett not only studies largemouth bass, he catches them, too. Here* he prepares to release a Ridge Lake bass that he caught on a fly rod with a yellow popper.

Water temperature plays a major role in governing the life of bass. With the approach of winter, they become quiescent. "You're dealing with a cold-blooded animal that just can't function well when it's cold," Dr. Bennett says. "A bass is dormant because of the low temperatures. A bass's temperature is the temperature of the water, and until the water gets above 60°, bass are not active. Their metabolic systems are slowed down by

continued

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cold, their digestion works slowly, the nervous system is slow. Smallmouths apparently hibernate, in a sense, in the winter. They have a tendency to pile up in crevices or logs. Largemouths don't generally follow that procedure. They tend to concentrate in deep water toward the bottom. But they don't stop feeding. The bass will still grab a minnow, but then the bass might take 10 days to two weeks to digest it. When you ice fish, weight a live minnow and lower it to the bottom. Then lift it up a few inches. The minnow can't move around because it is restricted and so the bass doesn't have to move quickly to get it. It's mainly a matter of finding where the fish are concentrated. You look for the deep pockets."

The water temperatures also have an effect on the life expectancy of largemouths. "The higher the temperature, the shorter the life of the bass," Dr. Bennett says. "It's just as though you wound them up quickly, and they ran down fast. A real southern largemouth—I'm not speaking of the Florida largemouth, but of the Louisiana bass—probably has a shorter life span than he would have here in central Illinois. They live to 8, 9, 10. Here bass live to 10, 12, maybe 13, at the maximum. A northern largemouth, one in northern Wisconsin or northern Michigan, lives to 14 or 16. The smaller fish, like bluegills and crappies, have shorter lives. Most bluegills here die at 4, some live to 6. You can't accumulate fish by just letting them live."

Dr. Bennett rates the largemouth as the most intelligent of freshwater fish. "Smallmouths," he says, "are not as smart. They are so excitable and high-strung that they'll actually die of fright in an aquarium from sudden exposure to light." Largemouths can often be caught on a lure they have never seen before. They are inquisitive, and their curiosity may get the better of them. "There was a spinner lure that had never been used in Ridge Lake," Dr. Bennett says, "so a man here tried it, and he caught 52 bass in one day. He tried it again, and he got hardly anything. The bass had learned. It's a matter of education. They become aware of what's going on and respond accordingly. For instance, the first morning of opening day here, the rate of catch is a half to one pound of bass per man hour. By afternoon, that is reduced by at least half. By the third day, the fishing is as bad as it ever gets. On the average, it takes one man 10 hours to catch one pound of bass. The bass have learned."

Educated bass are sometimes the reason why fishermen complain that a pond has been fished out. "A fished-out pond usually contains bass," Dr. Bennett says. "Nine-tenths of the time the fishermen just can't catch them. One pond on which we worked belonged to a fishing club of the Owens-Illinois Glass Company. There were several hundred members. They actually overfished the pond, but even then they didn't overfish the bass. The fishing pressure was heavy, about 1,500 man hours per acre per season. The ideal is 50 to 60 man hours per acre per season. The pond was small enough so that a good bait caster could reach every part of it without moving. Yet that pond contained 12 bass that were two to six pounds and several hundred bass of catchable smaller size. But they couldn't be caught at all. What you do is let them alone one winter, and they'll be hot to bite in the spring."

Even though bass soon become wary of lures and baits, there are three, according to the statistics compiled at Ridge Lake, that are generally effective. These are, in order, a blue jig, a yellow popper and a nighterawler on a harness. Uninformed bass fishermen avoid the color blue in lures. Back in the '30s, Frank A. Brown of the Illinois Natural History Survey conducted experiments on vision in bass. He discovered that their vision was comparable to that of human vision through a strong yellow filter. Consequently, bass have the poorest vision at the blue end of the color spectrum. And that is possibly why the blue jig is so successful. "The bass can't determine what it is," Dr. Bennett says. "It's difficult for him to see it. So he'll go up to take a swipe at it to satisfy his curiosity. Our experience here with the blue jig is that it is far superior to anything else. It is better in the spring than at other times, but it is generally good the year round. A smallmouth will pick up a blue jig when it's right on the bottom. Why any self-respecting bass would do that I don't know. The best way to fish smallmouths is just to put the blue jig on the bottom, let it stay there for 30 seconds, then pull it up a couple of feet and let it settle again. Now, a largemouth will want that blue jig moving just as fast as you can crank your reel.

And while you're doing that, raise your rod tip at intervals so it moves in an underwater wave."

For surface lures, poppers are more effective than plugs. Bright yellow is the most effective color for a popper, and after that, the best colors are red, brown, black and white. For a plug, red and white is the best color combination. Plugs are not as deadly as poppers, but the bigger bass tend to hit plugs more readily. "I knew a painter—he's dead now—who fished strip mines," says Dr. Bennett. "He caught more big bass than anyone I know. He used big, deer-hair bugs with lots of colors. He made the bugs himself. He'd cast one out and let it sit just like a bale of hay. He'd let it sit for 5 minutes. Then he'd give it a little twist and let it lie again, worrying those big bass onto the hook. Most of the bass he caught ranged from four and a half to six pounds. He never caught more than two on a trip, but over the season he caught more big bass than anyone else.

"You know there are fishermen who consistently take fish. As I said, our records show that 10% catch 80% of the fish. First of all, they handle their tackle well. They are able to hit where they want to hit. That's a simple matter of practice. But from then on, it's a matter of an extra little something—the certain twitch you can give a popper or the way the lure is presented. There's an indefinable something that makes the bass decide to strike or not to strike."

By far the most effective live bait are nightcrawlers. The worms far surpass minnows, crickets, grasshoppers and crayfish. A nightcrawler in a harness of three hooks is the most consistently successful live bait.

As every bass fisherman knows, there are times when the bass just will not bite. When this happens, Dr. Bennett suggests, "Take a flat board and shake them up by whacking the water. Go out and make a lot of noise. The fish will be curious. Pull the boat away for 5 minutes, and then go back in and catch bass. It works on some occasions." But exactly why bass bite or do not bite is a question that eludes even Dr. Bennett. It may be that the hot biting periods are associated with the availability of some food organism in the water. But then, Dr. Bennett is not certain. "There's nothing very consistent," he says. "That's why fishing is interesting." **END**



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SPORTING LOOK

pop zip!

These teen-agers are posed like the comic-strip characters in the paintings of a current craze called pop art, which exaggerates commonplace aspects of the American scene. They are telling a back-to-school fashion story full of action. They talk of linings that zip in and out, turning lightweight raincoats and jackets into outerwear warm enough for blizzards; of quilted linings that convert into parkas substantial enough for a scrimmage. They show jackets that reverse from wool blanketing to rain-repellent cotton twill, and a sweater that has two faces, reversing from one color to another. In addition to being doubly functional, all of these new fall clothes are priced to suit a student's budget. And their style, from turtle-neck underwear to sturdy outerwear, reflects the current campus enthusiasm for ski-look clothing. For more details and where-to-buy information, see page 45.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IRWIN HOROWITZ


By itself, this quilt is a ski parka.
When it's cold and rainy
I use it to line my raincoat.


Under the nylon shell, there's this Tyrolean jacket.


Zip, and the parka becomes a lining.






It's wool on the outside,
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This sweater is like having two–
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WHERE TO BUY

Facing page 40: Rick Foster's blue quilted ski parka becomes a lining when it zips into the black raincoat, which is three-quarter length, water-repellent Dacron-cotton poplin. The liner parka is of nylon with Dacron fiber-fill insulation. A hood hides in the collar. The outfit, which Stratojac calls Zip-N-Ski, also comes in a tan-raincoat, black-parka combination. It is $60 at Baskin's, Chicago; Wallachs, New York. The cotton turtleneck by Duofold is $4, the Better Made knit cap, $3. On the two following pages: Terry Kirby's black Antron parka (*top left*) zips off to reveal a white Tyrolean wool jacket that is also a liner. The parka is hip length, belted, and has a hood that pops out of its collar. The zip-in wool jacket has metallic buttons and black braided trim. McGregor calls this Ski Magic. It is $36 at Auerbach's, Salt Lake City. Dave Lone (*lower left*) shows Pam Healey how the ski parka zips into his lightweight campus coat. The outer coat is three-quarter length, is belted and is made of a water-repellent Dacron-cotton blend. The parka has a hood that zips onto the collar. As testament to its versatility, McGregor calls this jacket the Winter Weekend Wardrobe. It comes in pewter with dark olive liner, navy with navy, tan with brown and black with gray. It costs $40 at Filene's, Boston; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia. Pam's split-cowhide jacket is by Bill Atkinson for Glen of Michigan. Terry and Rick (*top right*) demonstrate the reversible qualities of two stadium coats that Pendleton calls Pen-Knock-abouts. They come in either solid colors or bright blanket-wool plaids, which reverse to water-repellent cotton. They are $38 at Meier & Frank, Portland, Ore.; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington. Bulky turtleneck sweaters are by Himalaya; white knit cap by Beconta pulls down to form a warm helmet. Terry Kirby demonstrates the virtues of his reversible V-neck Jantzen pullover (*lower right*), red on one side, black on the other. Other combinations: tan reversing to dark brown, light blue to dark blue and light olive to green. It costs $30 at Forbes & Wallace, Springfield, Mass.; Miller Bros., Chattanooga, Tenn. The V-neck here is worn in the fashion of ski pros—over a cotton turtleneck; by Arrow, $3. END

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MOTOR SPORTS / *Hays Gorey*

Cool run for an old hot rodder



Craig Breedlove broke the world land-speed record without pushing his tricycle jet to its upper limits

The early morning air was still cool. Resting impressively on the vast Bonneville Salt Flats of western Utah was a missile-shaped, three-wheeled vehicle that looked like a fighter plane ready for takeoff, except that it had no wings. Near the machine, which soon was to cause international arguments as to what it really was—automobile, earthbound aircraft or motorcycle—stood Craig Breedlove, short and pleasantly youthful in a lightweight blue pullover, matching trousers and dark-blue sneakers. He was sipping ice water and trying, with only moderate success, to look casual. "Sure I'm nervous," he finally snapped at a questioner.

At 6.25 a.m., Breedlove stopped sipping the ice water ("That's all the breakfast I want now"), eyed the clear blue sky overhead and then spotted something wrong. Taking out his handkerchief, he climbed up to the cockpit of the *Spirit of America*, wiped a spot off the green-tinted plexiglass canopy, and stepped down. Carefully, he stuffed cotton in both ears, put on a helmet and wraparound goggles and climbed into the cockpit. Crewmen helped him fasten a yellow air mask, and Breedlove, looking like "a man from Mars in pajamas" (his own description) was ready.

In a raspy voice, L. T. (Ben) Torres, an official of the U.S. Auto Club, called out, "Zero [wind] at the south test, and she's all clear." This was the time and these were the words Breedlove had waited four years to hear. The *Spirit of America* inched forward, its jet engine shrieking. It gathered speed rapidly. Soon it was a speck, seemingly headed straight through the orange sun to the southeast. Then it disappeared.

Thirty-three minutes later the monster, twin parachutes billowing in its wake, came back. When it had rolled to a stop, Breedlove flipped back the canopy and hopped lightly to the ground. He had already heard that he had gone through the first measured mile—midway down the 9½-mile track—at 388.47 miles per hour. Fast, but not fast enough to break the world's land-speed record of 394.196 set by England's John Cobb in 1947.

Whether Breedlove had attained the goal he had so long sought, and toward which Shell Oil Company and Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company had spent hundreds of thousands of dollars, depended upon the speed of his return run. (In all such record attempts two runs in opposite directions are required, negating any possible wind advantage.)

Torres, pressing a set of earphones close to his head, was in touch with the timers' stand 4¼ miles away. Unsmiling, Breedlove stood silently in the middle of a small group of project officials, crewmen, reporters and photographers. His head was down, and he desultorily moved a foot around in the soft salt.

The wait and the silence were oppressive. "Craig," Breedlove was asked finally, "you said the other day you could tell how fast you were going in test runs by the way the mile markers flipped by. How did they flip on this last trip?"

"It felt like about 425," Breedlove answered.

The small circle gasped. Torres held a hand microphone up to his mouth. The timers' stand was reporting. "Repeat that," he demanded. Then "Four twenty-eight point three seven? And the average? Four zero seven point four five!"

A new man

Craig Breedlove's taut, wind-and-sun-tanned face wrinkled into the first grin he had allowed himself all day. He embraced his crew members, project officials, newsmen and total strangers. He signed autographs, and when his wife, Lee, arrived from the timers' stand, he gave her the warmest embrace of all.

"We did it, huh?" he said, over and over. "We did it, didn't we?"

How did it feel? everyone asked. What's it like to go 400 miles an hour over the salt?

"Great!" shouted the now uninhibited Breedlove. "Great!"

"I don't think the limit has been reached yet," Breedlove declared. "I think I can go faster."

He was ready to go again then. But first, he said, someone had better help him check the chutes (the red-and-white-ribbed braking parachutes that eject when Breedlove touches a button near the steering wheel, killing the motor at the same time). "Everything went smooth except for a few crosswinds and the chutes," Breedlove said, and explained that the chutes had released prematurely. No harm this time, but he was taking no chances.

After a quick huddle with Shell officials, Breedlove decided to run the following day. Later it was announced he would be flown to New York for personal appearances instead. Shell and Goodyear had a publicity harvest to reap.

But even before Breedlove could get off the Salt Flats, the grandeur of his

accomplishment was being questioned. Immediately, there were some who cited the rocket sled ride of Lieut. Colonel John Stapp, a U S Air Force physician who was thrust across New Mexico's flat plains at 632 mph in 1954 Stapp, however, had no control over the sled, and the sled, strictly speaking, did not ride on land. It was on a raised rail

In Paris the Federation Internationale de l'Automobile, with cool unconcern, *said the Spirit of America was not an* automobile. It referred all questions concerning recognition of the record to the Fédération Internationale Motocycliste in Geneva, which seemed pleased at the sudden attention. FIM had a category for *Spirit*—"Cyclecar," classified as "motor vehicles with three wheels, forming three tracks and composed of an inseparable ensemble." Even so, it noted, the category was for piston engines. FIM promptly created a turbine class to accommodate *Spirit*.

To the world and even to Donald Campbell, this was so much nit picking. In Australia, where Campbell was completing arrangements for another try at the world land-speed record next spring in his $4-million *Bluebird* (SI, July 29), he said, "Jolly good effort." The fact that Breedlove's car had three wheels instead of the conventional four, and that it was driven by a jet engine that powered the machine by thrust rather than a piston engine that transmitted its power directly to the wheels, was beside the point. "I don't think this is really important," Campbell said. "Technically, yes. But, in the eyes of the world, no. If we are to succeed in beating Cobb's record with *Bluebird* and fail to break Breedlove's as well, then, in my mind, we will have failed."

Craig Breedlove has been chasing speed records for almost as long as he can remember. In high school at Venice, Calif. he put together his own hot rod and set seven speed records, one of which still stands. His goal even then was to go faster on land than any other human. Married at 17, he was divorced at 22, the father of three children. He speaks of that period of his life with a mixture of remorse and concern. "My wife didn't understand what this was inside me to do these things. Everybody wants to do something. People who haven't any drive never get anything done." His second marriage was to a girl who *did* understand this thing inside him. She was Lee, a car hop at a local drive-in, who had two children by a previous marriage and,

continued

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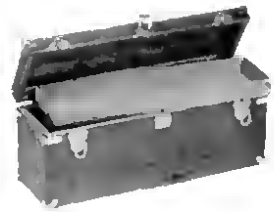


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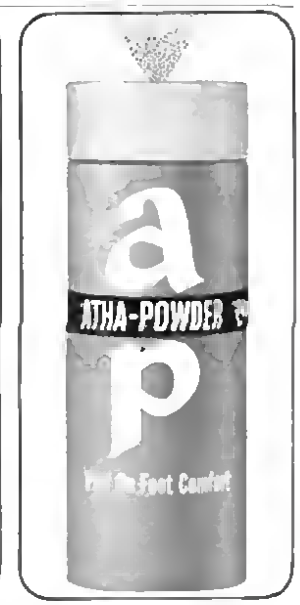
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Dr. Scholl's FOOT POWDER

like her new husband, a penchant for fast motorcycles. "She can ride it with the front wheel right off the road," Breedlove boasted last week.

The Breedloves' small house on Sepulveda Boulevard in West Los Angeles was soon crowded on weekends with five children, two dachshunds and numerous mechanically minded friends who managed to pick their way through a front yard crowded with afterburners, machines, tools, spare parts, a Fruehauf Trailer and the few weeds hardy enough to grow in such a jungle. Sometimes working—he was a fireman and local mechanic—sometimes on unemployment compensation, Breedlove always was able to scrape together just enough money to keep his project going.

Conversion at Sepulveda

The Breedloves learned to live with two air duct molds 10 feet long and weighing 1,000 pounds lying on the living room floor. Breedlove jacked up the rear wall of his garage, moved it back 21 feet and extended the roof to cover it. The garage now measures 41 feet by 20 feet and makes the attached five-room house look like an appendage. Friends with the same enthusiasm as Breedlove's came to help. Rod Shapel, an automotive designer and project engineer at Task Corp., drew up the first blueprints. Art Russell, a model builder for Revell, carved a model out of pine to be used in wind-tunnel tests. Walt Sheehan, a Lockheed designer, concocted the air ducts that lead from the nose to the rear section and feed air to the jet engine. The original engine itself came from Ed Perkins, a Los Angeles machine shop owner (and a bishop in the Mormon church).

Breedlove tried many times to interest major companies in the *Spirit*, but until last year he had no success. Then Shell, rarely active in competitive U.S. motor circles, indicated it would be interested if Breedlove could get a tire company to go along. After extended delays, Goodyear agreed to design and build 48-inch tires, machine the wheels and make the brakes, parts that are so interrelated they cannot be made separately. "It was like they took the world off my back," Breedlove said.

Breedlove had estimated that *Spirit* would cost $30,000 before it was ready for Bonneville. "That seemed like all the money in the world. At the rate we had been going we thought we could build

continued



the new Jantzen tee formation The Jantzen International Sports Club stands ready to help golfers in every way. If Paul Hornung can help tee up the ball and placekick it in, he is proud to volunteer. Thus we now present colorful, almost dazzling, new sweaters that join the great solid color Jantzen golf sweaters. Both are in popular half and half wool and alpaca, both sell for about $22.50. Note the double-button tab closure, roomy tailoring in the shoulders. There are four color combinations in each sweater shown here, and all golf sweaters match or contrast with the superb golf shirt, about $5.95, of finest cotton Birdseye Knit fabric by **Beaunit,** in *sixteen* colors

Ken Venturi golf professional, gets tee help from Paul Hornung, Green Bay field goal kicker. Special note: there are golf shirt colors that match any panel or stripe in both Ken's paneled cardigan or Paul's striped cardigan. Photo by Tom Kelley.

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The Volkswagen Station Wagon may not be the whole solution to the population explosion

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Every kid wants a window and every kid gets a window, there are 21 all told

There's a huge sunroof that slides back to let air in and aggressions out

There s plenty of room to stand up, walk around, lie down or do a few pushups

What if they jump, stomp, climb, fling and spatter? It doesn't matter

The inside comes clean with a wet rag

Maybe the most interesting thing is what happens to kids when they get anywhere near a Volkswagen Station Wagon

They flip

They want to play driver.

And they accept it for exactly what it is

the most sensible way yet to get from one place to another

What a pity that some of us have to grow up.

three cars for the price. But I spent the $30,000, and I hadn't even got out of the garage."

The first engine developed problems, so Shell bought two more—General Electric J47 jets similar to those used in F-86D fighter planes. The first forging of the rear axle was out of tolerance and the cost for that jumped from $300 to $3,000. While the neighbors watched in alarm, the car grew to look like an ICBM at Cape Canaveral. It became 35 feet long and 11 feet wide, and its weight reached three tons. The cost grew, too—the total was about $250,000. "It was handmade," says Breedlove, "but I mean made with hand tools, a little file and a screwdriver. The car is the equivalent of a prototype fighter plane that would take an aircraft company a million dollars, 20,000 men and all their machinery to build."

Breedlove has been persuaded that he can gain nothing by bettering his mark now. He will run next year, but if his mark should be surpassed this summer, he can go back to the Flats within 48 hours. One challenger, Dr. Nathan Ostich of Los Angeles, has a chance. He will be at Bonneville with his jet-powered *Flying Caduceus* for the fourth time, beginning on September 22. Last year the Canadian-born physician had worked up to 331 mph before spinning out and narrowly escaping death on his 13th run.

Breedlove is not particularly concerned about competition. He believes the *Spirit of America* has untapped speed in her. "We didn't even have the filter screen off the engine intake," he said last week. "The tires (which have tested at 624 mph) were still cool." The engine ran at 95% of efficiency, but with an afterburner it could run considerably above the critical drag number of the car, 550 mph, beyond which the car resists acceleration.

Something less, however, will content Breedlove. "It's easy to talk speed," he says. "Say, 600 mph. It's easy to add another 100 mph to that. But you're talking about going too fast. Who knows what will happen when a car goes through the sound barrier? In a plane the shock waves dissipate. In a car they fly off and hit the ground. They may bounce back and damage the car. They certainly won't do the track any good. Six hundred is pretty fast. It's not practical." But 500 or a bit more might be. Craig Breedlove, a cool hot rodder, is ready, if necessary, to find out. **END**

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Why does Van Heusen select Greenwood's Cava-Twill for these campus style slacks? Because Van Heusen knows that back of every yard of Greenwood® fabric is that dedication to the finest quality... the best performance. Greenwood's fine-line Twill is top quality construction, of all combed cotton, mercerized Vanalux® finish, wash-wear...and it always adds up to 100% Greenwood quality. GREENWOOD MILLS

Greenwood Mills, Inc., 111 West 40th Street, New York 18. At all fine stores, or write Phillips Van Heusen, 417 Fifth Ave., New York 16. Plain front pre-cuffed slacks, extension waistband model. Natural, Black, Pewter, Loden. $5.95.

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Livelier than the late show

Tension was high, and mistakes costly as the masters' teams fought until dawn for a title

Playing cards until 4 a.m. may be fine for college boys, but it is hardly the appointed hour for settling one of the most important bridge events in the country. Yet at the Biltmore Hotel in Los Angeles last week that was about the time when the final hands were contested in one of the closest of all masters' team championships. By persevering until that improbable hour, a team composed of Clifford Russell, Harold Harkavy, Mrs. Edith Kemp, Russell Arnold, William Seamon and Alvin Roth was able to come from behind and capture the masters' title. My own squad, by the way, almost got into the eventual three-way playoff. We finished fourth.

I am often asked what I think of unusual bids and complex conventions, and I always say that I am doubtful about them unless the player is an expert. Sometimes I am dubious even then. In a major tournament, for example, fatigue is a serious factor. The man who has a lot of conventions to remember is obviously the man most likely to forget one at a critical point. Here are two hands from the final stages of the playoff in Los Angeles last week that show what I mean.

Neither side vulnerable
South dealer

NORTH
♠ A 8 5 2
♥ 10 4
♦ K Q 9 6 5 4
♣ A

WEST
♠ 9 7 3
♥ K Q 2
♦ A 7 2
♣ K 6 4 3

EAST
♠ Q 10 6
♥ 9 8 7 5
♦ 10 8
♣ Q J 9 7

SOUTH
♠ K J 4
♥ A J 6 3
♦ J 3
♣ 10 8 5 2

SOUTH (*Von Zedtwitz*)	WEST (*Kaplan*)	NORTH (*Kahn*)	EAST (*Lazard*)
PASS	1 N.T.	DOUBLE	2♣
DOUBLE	PASS	2♦	PASS
2♥	PASS	2♠	PASS
2 N.T.	PASS	3 N.T.	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: 3 of clubs

The first is a small example of how a common but slightly dangerous bid can cause serious trouble. It occurred when Sidney Lazard and Edgar Kaplan, members of Samuel Stayman's team, faced Waldemar von Zedtwitz and Richard Kahn, of Tobias Stone's team.

Repeated disasters have caused almost everybody to avoid the weak no trump—a bid based on a balanced hand of 12 to 14 points—when vulnerable against non-vulnerable opponents. But the bid has its supporters in other situations.

With a weak hand, the partner of the weak no-trump bidder must show a suit, and the usual escape hatch is a bid of two clubs. South's double showed that he had the balance of power as well as a good defense against clubs, but North did not like his own defense against that suit, so he shifted to two diamonds. Thereafter, the bidding explored for the right spot, and Von Zedtwitz and Kahn found it at three no trump. After winning the club ace, declarer knocked out the diamond ace. The defenders won three club tricks, and declarer had the rest. The weak no-trump opening had led to a bidding sequence that let North-South reach game.

In the other room West did not open. Stayman, sitting North, opened with one diamond, South bid one heart, North showed the spades and South bid two clubs. North's two-diamond rebid ended the auction. Though Stayman made 11 tricks, the Stone team ended up with a net plus of 250 points, worth 6 International Match Points.

In the final hours it became obvious that the Stayman team was suffering from lack of rest. Stayman and Victor Mitchell had to carry not only the burden of continuous play—the other teams were using substitutes—but the added load imposed by the need to remember their own highly complex system, which has literally dozens of bidding conventions. What resulted was a big example of the hazard of artificial bidding. Playing against the Russell team, Mitchell and Stayman had the hand shown below. They were missing all four aces, but they still ended up at slam because Mitchell used a preemptive bid that didn't mean what it was supposed to.

The opening bid of four clubs—which would be the normal call with the South hand—actually means in the Stayman system that the player has a strong preemptive *four-heart* bid. (A four-heart opening is a weaker sort of preempt.) Unfortunately, Mitchell forgot the convention. He opened four clubs. Stayman may have been suspicious because of the power of his own heart suit, but he had to make some move in case South's bid did mean he had hearts. When South had to go on to six clubs the error was obvious.

Russell figured out his partner's deceptive lead of the spade jack and ducked the trick, yet this did not much affect the result. South ruffed and led his heart. But try as he might, he had to lose to the three aces, going down 200 points.

Strangely enough, on this deal the Stayman team did not lose anything more than a chance for a big gain. In the other room Seamon, playing all out to make a five-club contract, went down three and his team lost 3 IMPs.

But Stayman had needed all the points he could get on that board. His team eventually lost the playoff by 24 IMPs, with the Stone team finishing second. Stayman and his players had put on a good display, but more orthodox teams finished ahead of them.

North-South vulnerable
South dealer

NORTH
♠ K 10 8 6 4
♥ K Q J 7
♦ 5 4
♣ 9 8

WEST
♠ Q J 9 3 2
♥ A 10 6
♦ 10 9 7
♣ A 5

EAST
♠ A 7 5
♥ 9 8 5 4 3
♦ A J 6 2
♣ 4

SOUTH
♠ —
♥ 2
♦ K Q 8 3
♣ K Q J 10 7 6 3 2

SOUTH (*Mitchell*)	WEST (*Harkavy*)	NORTH (*Stayman*)	EAST (*Russell*)
4♣	PASS	5♥	PASS
6♣	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: jack of spades

Sure she's sure

All day. Because Dial with AT-7 cleans up on skin bacteria that cause perspiration odor. In a nice lady-like way. Keeps you fresh and sure. That's what Dial does—for people who like people.



New World's Land Speed Record!
407 MPH ON GOODYEAR TIRES

Monday, August 5th Craig Breedlove, with a wingless jet, Goodyear tires and 170 pounds of heart, hope and guts brought the land speed record back to America.

7:15 a.m. The silence of the Bonneville Salt Flats was shattered by the whine of a 35-foot long jet racer. That whine became a roar as Craig Breedlove in his Spirit of America thundered into the record books.*

His speed: 388.49 mph one way, the other way... 428.37 mph! For an average of 407.45 miles an hour! Smashing the record held by England's John Cobb of 394.2 mph. A 1947 record that many experts thought could never be topped.



Craig Breedlove – first American to hold the Land Speed Record in 35 years. Breedlove built the "Spirit" in his garage. His estimate of a $10,000 car was exceeded ten-fold, before the car even left for the Salt.

One of the most important problems that Breedlove faced when he first decided to give the land speed record a try was summed up in a statement that appeared in a leading automotive magazine: **"...there is no point in thinking of a land speed record car if there are no tires that will stand up to the required speed."**

Goodyear engineers accepted the unique... almost impossible challenge... and...

A TIRE IS BORN. In his initial talk with Goodyear engineers, Breedlove said, **"I need a tire that can take it. One that's practically indestructible. I'm going to go 400 to 500 miles an hour. That's two to three times as fast as they drive at Daytona or Indianapolis. This has got to be more than just a racing tire.**

"When I get to top speed, the tires will have about 100 tons of centrifugal force trying to pull them into pieces. That's why I came to Goodyear because you people have the know-how."

Goodyear engineers began to design, produce and test the land speed tires. Most of the tire was cord... for strength. The cord was treated with Goodyear's exclusive 3-T triple-tempering, triple-toughening process... the same 3-T processing that goes into all Goodyear auto tires.

Each tire was tested on Goodyear's multi-stage dynamometer at speeds in excess of 600 miles per hour. Not one failed!

TIRE OF THE FUTURE. In the making of Breedlove's record-breaking tires, Goodyear scientists and engineers came up with developments and discoveries that will affect the tires you drive for many years to come.

Goodyear engineers say that the tire of the future may well be built around a key design feature of these land speed record tires.

When Craig Breedlove and his Spirit of America started at the far end of the 10-mile black stripe that marks the Bonneville course, he knew he was riding on the finest tires in the world. With that worry off his mind... he sped to the record speed of 407.45 mph ...and became the fastest man on earth.

*Breedlove's speed — as an official world record — is subject to confirmation by the Federation Internationale Motocycliste, since this event was held under their International Sporting Code

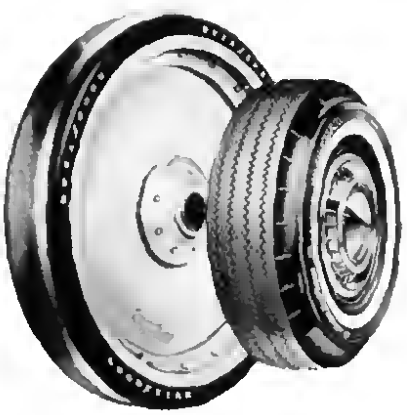


The Spirit of America is a superb product of three years of development. The 3-ton racer is powered by a J-47 jet engine and rides on the 600-mph Goodyear tires.

Today you can get the benefit of Goodyear's superior high-speed developments in great, new Tufsyn tires. Built only by Goodyear, Tufsyn tires deliver up to 25% more durability, giving far more mileage. You can buy these Goodyear tires in all sizes for all cars from your Goodyear Dealer or Store... today.

Goodyear engineer checks 4-foot high tires. Special Goodyear high-speed dynamometer test simulated the 12,110 pounds of centrifugal force that is exerted at the tread surface at speeds of more than 600 mph.





GO GOODYEAR

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MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

TUFSYN, T.M., THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

BASEBALL / *Robert Creamer*

The day when all the sentiment stands still

In Cooperstown on Hall of Fame day, baseball wallows in nostalgia, but at the game's legendary place of origin, the corn tastes just fine

Dizzy Dean got to the ball field late, and when he made his entrance every one turned to look. The fans cheered and applauded as he walked across toward the dugout, but the old ballplayers who were standing around in groups talking hooted and laughed and kidded him about his weight. Frank Frisch stuck out his stomach and patted it with both hands, like Santa Claus, and pointed at Dean. The crowd tittered and Dean threw his head back and laughed. A man stuck a tiny, half-sized baseball at Dean and asked him to autograph it. Dean took it and then turned toward Lefty Grove and held up the little ball. "Hey, Lefty," he shouted, "looka this. That's the way it used to look when we threw it, didn't it? Small as a pea." Grove, white haired and wearing glasses, grinned and nodded, but Frisch and Jimmy Foxx, the old hitters, roared in mock protest.

It was alumni day in Cooperstown, the day each year when new members are inducted into baseball's Hall of Fame. Two major league teams make a long detour from the mainstream of big-league ball to play each other in an exhibition game at this remote village in the hills of central New York state, and oldtime players, baseball officials and a surprising number of fans make their way there to join in the festivities. For those who run baseball and for those whose affection for the game goes far beyond a casual interest, Hall of Fame day is a ceremonial rite, one of the important moments of the baseball year.

In baseball, Cooperstown is a state of mind. When people say that Warren Spahn will be in Cooperstown someday, they do not mean that one of these years he will drive through it on his way to Oneonta. Nor do they mean only that Spahn's hawk-nosed visage will be cast in bronze and hung on a wall in the Baseball Museum, which was opened in Cooperstown in 1939. They mean that Spahn is one of baseball's unforgettable performers and that someday he will be officially recognized as such.

But Cooperstown is a geographical reality, too, and when state of mind and reality coalesce, like something suddenly coming into focus in a camera, the impact is startling. When Dean and Grove and Frisch and Foxx, and the Milwaukee Braves and the Boston Red Sox (who played the Hall of Fame game this year) suddenly appear in Cooperstown, all the flap and nonsense about baseball—all the teary breast-beating that wraps third base in with the flag, blueberry pie and Mom—seems absolutely correct.



AT 87, FLICK WAS THE HERO OF THE HOUR

Cooperstown has a population of 2,500 people, less than one-fifth that of—well—Oneonta. Yet there in Cooperstown last week was Henry Aaron flicking a home run over the fence in deep left center. There was Carl Yastrzemski, the American League's leading hitter, ripping a base hit through the middle. And there, in the shallow stands and bleachers that line three sides of Doubleday Field, were 9,875 people, though the day was drizzly and ugly and a raging thunderstorm the night before had drenched the village. The game was not scheduled to start until 2 o'clock but by one the stands were overflowing with people. Beyond the left-field fence kids hung from the branches of trees, and behind the bleachers in right, in the backyards of houses adjacent to the ball park, gray-haired ladies sat on folding chairs on the flat roofs of sheds and garages. And they stayed there for the whole game.

There was a picnic quality, a Sunday afternoon game-for-a-barrel-of-beer feeling. Cooperstown is a museum town; it lives on nostalgia. It fosters the legend of Abner Doubleday and the fiction of James Fenimore Cooper. Its famous Farmers' Museum is a re-creation of life in the 1830s. Fenimore House has a collection of Early American art. The Woodland Museum brings you back to the woods. The Indian Museum gives you the Indian. In this environment of the charm of yesterday, baseball fits like an old fielder's glove. The classic family group wandering through the Baseball Museum consists of a 40-year-old man in a sports shirt, a 12-year-old boy in a baseball cap and a 35-year-old woman bringing up the rear, like an Indian squaw. The father points to a bronze plaque and says, with awe, "Carl Hubbell, King Carl. The old Mealticket. What a pitcher." The son looks at the plaque in wonder. The woman nods her head patiently as her husband turns to her and explains, "Honey, this guy once struck out five men in a row in the All-Star Game. *Five* in a row—Ruth, Gehrig, Foxx, Simmons and Cronin."

In Cooperstown on Hall of Fame day

there is a flavor and excitement that is almost tangible. This year sawhorses were put across Main Street in the morning to shut off auto traffic on the block between Pioneer Street and Fair Street, the block where the Baseball Museum is. A wooden platform had been built outside the main entrance to the museum, and in front of it, extending across the sidewalk and past the trees along the street, was a wooden barricade. Ceremonies to induct the four new members of the Hall of Fame were to begin at 10:30 in the morning. By 9 o'clock people were beginning to mill around in front of the platform, and for the next hour a constant flow of people moved along Main Street toward the museum.

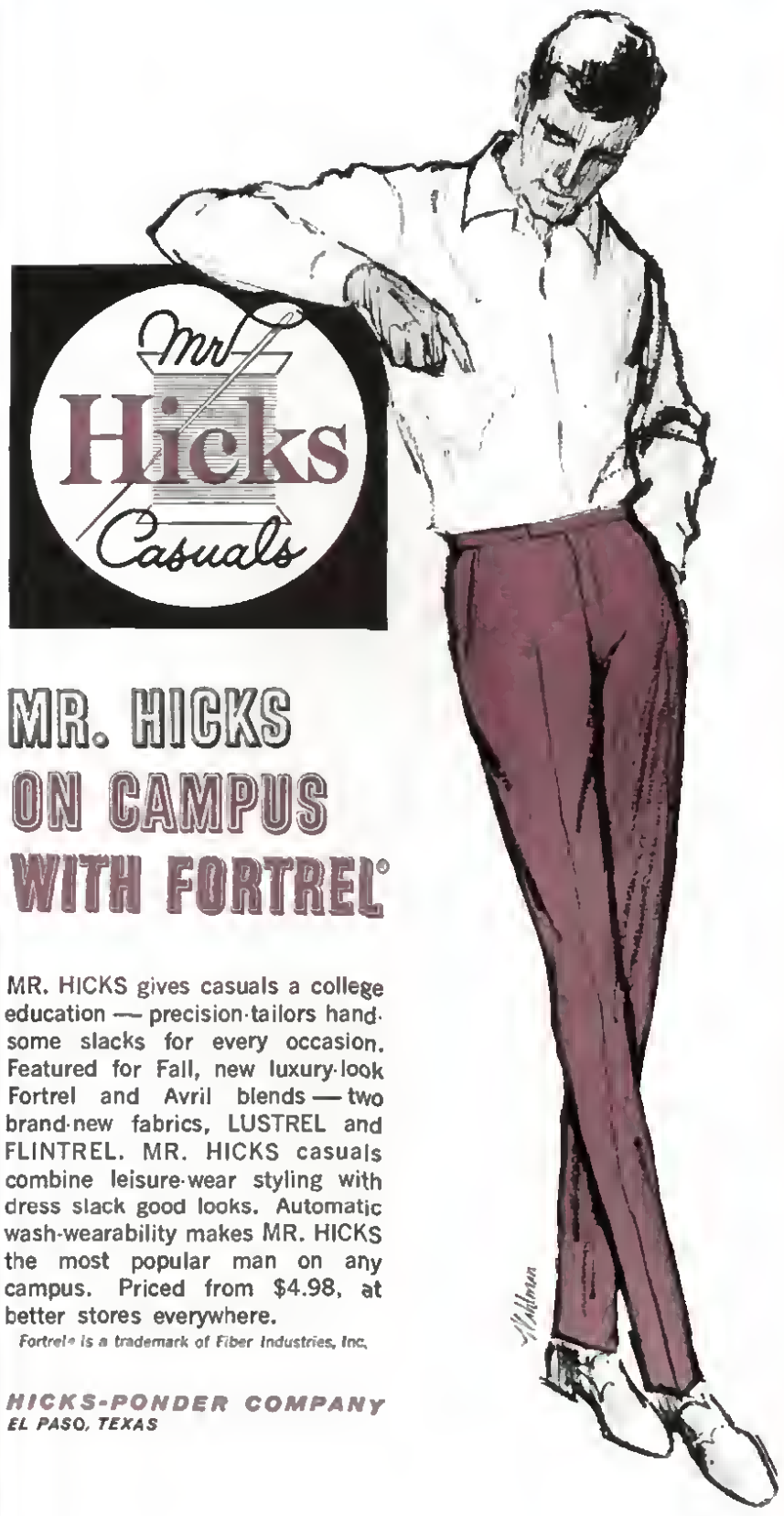
A crowd on Main Street

The street was jammed from one side to the other when the ceremonies started and Ford Frick began to introduce members of the Hall of Fame who were present on the platform: Grove and Foxx and Frisch and Bill Dickey and Charlie Gehringer and a half dozen others. The crowd was lively and attentive, a marvelous audience for the day. When Frick lowered his voice reverently as he spoke of Eppa Rixey and John Clarkson, new members of the Hall who were dead, the crowd looked properly solemn. When his voice lifted as he introduced Sam Rice and Elmer Flick, the other new inductees, the crowd cheered.

Of all the heroes, they loved Elmer Flick the best. Introduced as "perennially youthful," the 87-year-old Flick had to be helped to his feet, more or less propped on his cane and gently guided to the microphone. An eddy of embarrassment went through the crowd but the old man dispelled it with a grin. "I don't know how youthful I am," he said cheerfully. "You see my cane and how I walk. But I feel good today. I feel good. This is the biggest day I ever had."

The crowd murmured, as though in disbelief. Here was a man who had been a major league star, who had batted against Cy Young and Walter Johnson, who had won the batting championship of the American League. Surely he had had bigger days.

But Elmer Flick said, "Truthfully, it is." And the crowd cheered, because it is a rare and warm thing to be part of it on an occasion like this, when at the age of 87 a man has his biggest day. **END**

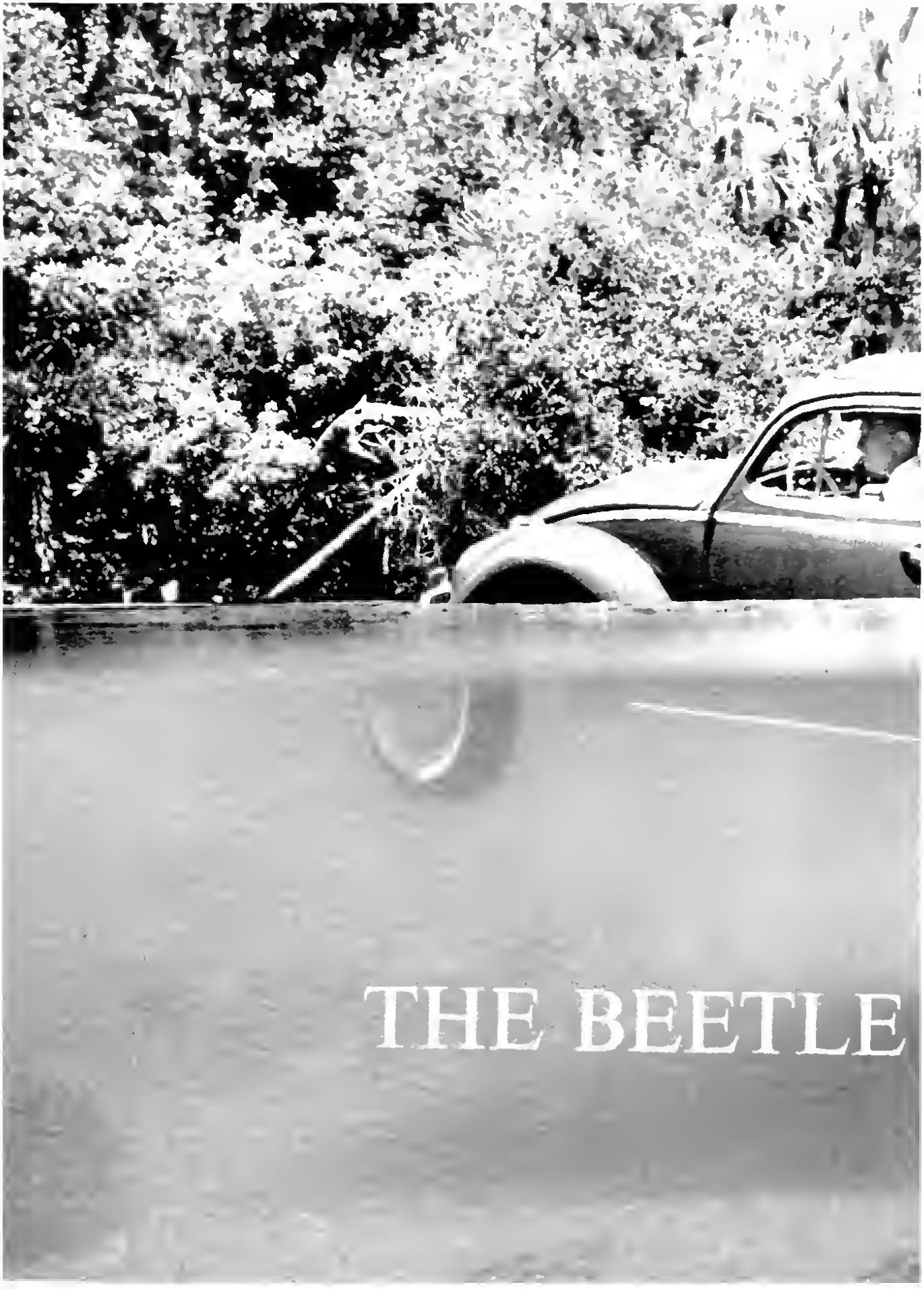


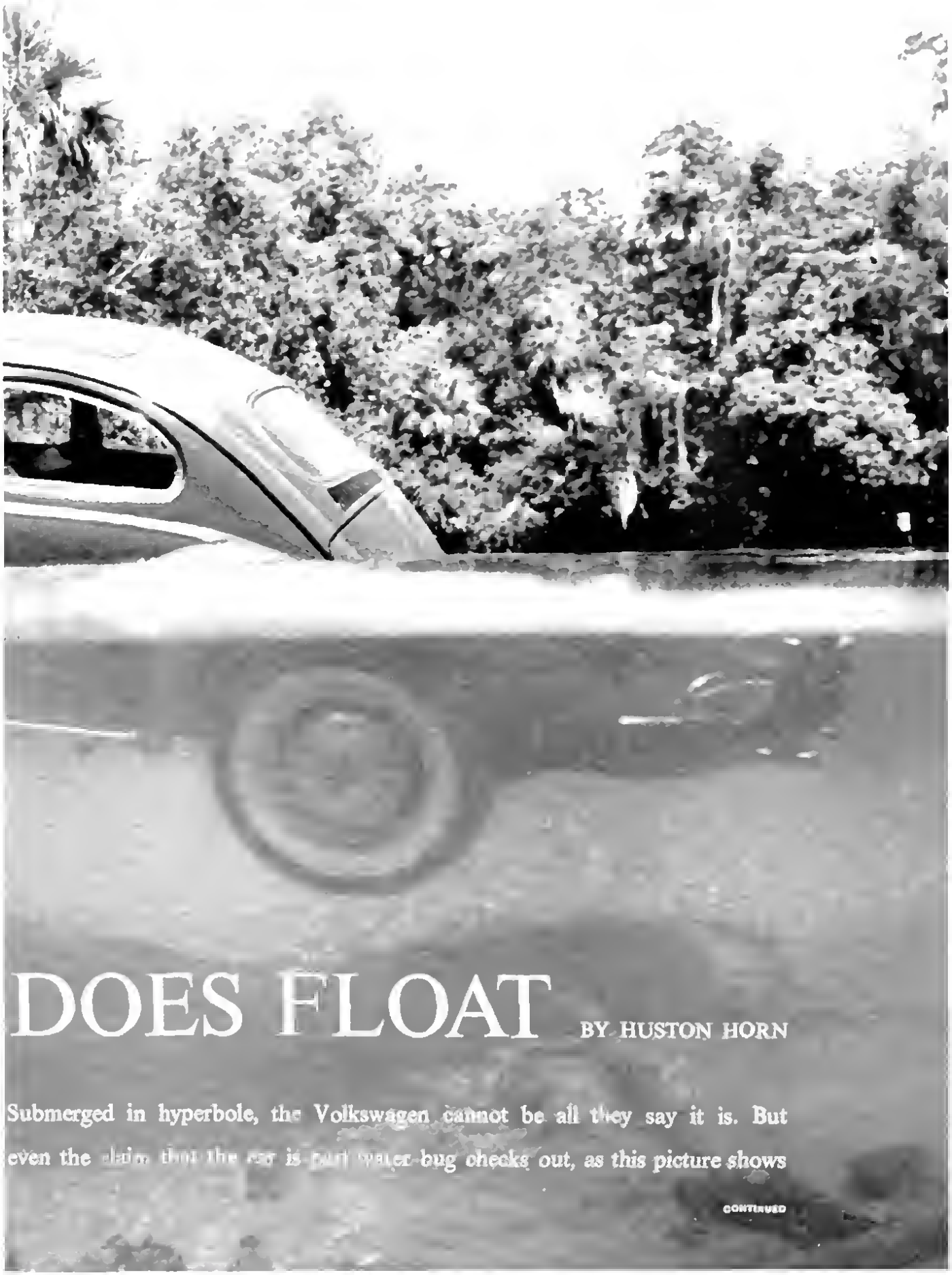
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MR. HICKS gives casuals a college education — precision-tailors handsome slacks for every occasion. Featured for Fall, new luxury-look Fortrel and Avril blends — two brand-new fabrics, LUSTREL and FLINTREL. MR. HICKS casuals combine leisure-wear styling with dress slack good looks. Automatic wash-wearability makes MR. HICKS the most popular man on any campus. Priced from $4.98, at better stores everywhere.

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HICKS-PONDER COMPANY
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THE BEETLE



DOES FLOAT

BY HUSTON HORN

Submerged in hyperbole, the Volkswagen cannot be all they say it is. But even the claim that the car is part water bug checks out, as this picture shows

CONTINUED

AMERICA'S ROMANCE WITH A PLAIN JANE

On land or on the water the Volkswagen automobile is an inelegant, squatty, lumpy-looking piece of machinery that is not very big, does not go very fast, has very little chrome, makes too much noise and does not cost enough money. It has its engine in back, a pouty, hurt-feelings expression in front and a bottom so tight that the whole contraption is almost, but not quite, amphibious (*see box opposite*). In a country that has always bought cars on styling —not price or performance—Volkswagens in the U.S. have been laughed at, mocked, abused and insulted, one baffled owner calling it "not really repulsive" and the rollicking *New York Times* calling it "breathtakingly ugly." Judging from appearances, it is easy to see that this baseborn orphan of Nazi Germany is as out of place on Route 66 as a soapbox racer at Sebring. Still, pretty is as pretty does, and since the postwar emergence of the car and its square-shaped sister, a station wagon that inherited the family's plain looks, certain things have happened to suggest every car should be so homely.

The Volkswagen, for example, is seen in the best of circles, here and all around. Bobby Kennedy campaigned for Jack through the sun roof of a VW station wagon. The proprietors of the Volkswagen agency in Bangkok are two princes, cousins of the King of Siam. Their highnesses' first sale was to the keeper of the royal zoo who, after washing the sacred white elephant, likes to maneuver his sacred VW under the elephant's trunk for a reciprocal hosing down. Belgium's King Baudouin tools around Europe in a sun-roof sedan, and Princess Margaret has driven a '62 station wagon, which pretty well answers the question once raised by a Volkswagen advertisement: "What year car do the Joneses drive?"

"Owning a VW is like being in love," a magazine poll-taker once concluded, and the car often winds up in some stickily sentimental situations. In Florida not long ago, a bride stuck a miniature VW in the confection atop her wedding cake, a Kansas couple sent out birth announcements when their VW was delivered by the dealer, a Long Island man built a house for his, complete with shutters, weathervane, eagle over the door and geraniums in the window boxes, and an Iowa man gave his wife a Mother's Day present of a VW station wagon, which she thereupon filled to capacity with their nine children.

The Volkswagen has found a home in American culture. A "beetle," says the *Dictionary of American Slang*, getting with it, is "a Volkswagen automobile, . . . from its appearance." A man in Maine, making the most of the unavoidable fact, has a license plate that reads A-BUG, and a myopic American eagle attacked a German beetle in New Mexico last fall. In California a station wagon was bought with 1,501,500 Blue Chip trading stamps, a New Jersey group commutes to work in a station wagon whose appointments include a bar and bridge table, and 18 college boys once crammed into a sedan to prove—well, just to prove.

The Volkswagen is highly adaptable. Cowboys in Texas ride fence in the car, a horse trader in Rhode Island carries Shetland ponies in the back seat, a Nashville man delivers money in a bulletproof Volkswagen, bank robbers in Los Angeles snaked through a traffic jam to make their getaway in a Volkswagen and the New York Volkswagen distributor has a plan to convert the little cars into taxicabs. His logic is perfect: ordinary cabs carry 1.7 people on the average, he says, and a Volkswagen can carry 1.7 people just as well as the next car.

The Volkswagen is probably the most easily recognized car on earth—so much so that some VW ads don't even name it. It is a vehicle commonly employed by editorial cartoonists to symbolize European economies, and it and the Coke bottle are "2 shapes known the world over," another Volkswagen ad boasts. No one has challenged that statement except a nettled VW dealer in West Virginia, who has a fat account with the Pepsi-Cola people, and the producers of the movie *Cleopatra*, who recently protested in *Variety*: "You're wrong, gentlemen—there are three!"

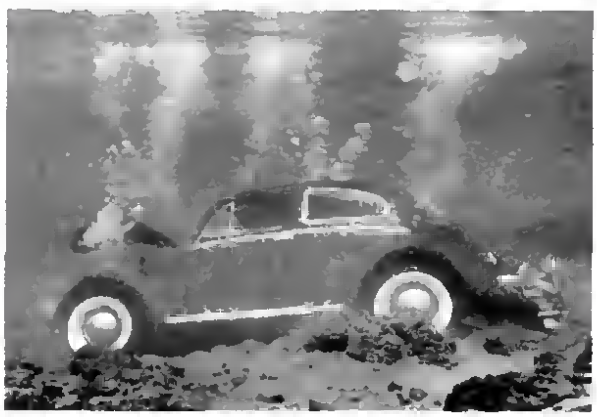
Finally, the VW is the butt of some of the sorriest jokes since they told your grandfather he auto get a horse. A drunk, for a sample of the kind of humor that convulses Volkswagen owners, was knocked down in the street by a Saint Bernard, then hit by a VW as he struggled to his feet. "The dog didn't hurt so much," he told onlookers, "but that tin can tied to his tail mighty near killed me." In Texas, they claim the VW ads say, "Take home a six-pack today." And there was the farmer loading watermelons in a VW's front-end luggage compartment. "This here's the first car I've ever seen," he said, "that runs on melon. What's it do with the seeds?"

The worst joke, of course, is the one on Detroit, which is stuck with the knowledge that the foreign VW is the most remarkable automobile since the heyday of Henry Ford's beloved Model T. Crawling from under the bombed-out wreckage of a military vehicle plant in Wolfsburg, Germany after World War II, the beetlish Volkswagen has in 15 years metamorphosed into the third best-selling car in the world, second only to Chevrolet and Ford, and, as the 10th best seller in the U.S., ahead of Cadillac, Chrysler and Studebaker. On that basis, it possesses today about 3% of the U.S. market altogether and a whopping 60% of the country's imported car market.

The Volkswagen, along with a clutch of other small foreign cars—the Renault, the Fiat, the Peugeot and the like—got the drop on America's tinseled, mobile living rooms in the 1950s. The explanation commonly accepted is that U.S. drivers suddenly became fed up with the high cost of gasoline, the increasing traffic congestion in cities and the rising cost of American cars—as one writer puts it—"dipped in

chrome batter." Detroit answered with the compact. That was a move that proved bad news for most of the foreign cars, particularly those with weak service organizations, some of whom had the habit of selling mail-order spare parts at a tidy 1,000% markup. But for VW there was not the slightest hitch in its steady climb, then or later, when even the compacts themselves began to fall off in popularity. Said a recent VW ad, "Maybe most small cars are going out of the picture. But there's one small exception." A VW dealer, speaking for most of his fellows, said not long ago: "It's still true that the hardest thing we have to sell around here is the waiting period"—a condition that has prevailed, at one time or another, in the 136 countries where the car is sold. France's Renault tries bravely to put VW's success in perspective by saying that among imports it sells second only to "the clever Volkswagen." Renault is telling the truth, but the point loses something when one considers that Volkswagen is first with 200,000 sales last year, Renault second with 30,000. There is another zesty story they like to tell around the VW offices. Vainly seeking someone to take over the semidemolished car factory in Wolfsburg after the war, the British (in whose zone it lay) suggested the Ford Motor Company might be interested. Said Ernest Breech, then board chairman, to Henry Ford II: "What we're being offered is not worth a damn."

THE BEETLE EVENTUALLY SINKS



The photograph on page 58 was made in Homosassa Springs, Fla. after a Volkswagen was lowered gingerly onto the water by a crane. Tony Triolo then took the picture with a split-image, over-and-under-water camera. We do not recommend this experiment to others. The beetle floated, all right—but after 29 minutes and 12 seconds it sighed and slipped under. Sadly, Triolo snapped the picture above.

That, to be sure, was one way of looking at the Wolfsburg rubble, which had once been a gleam in Adolf Hitler's eye. Proposing a "people's car" at an auto show in Berlin in the early '30s, Hitler commissioned Germany's car-designing genius, Ferdinand Porsche, to create it. The car, as Hitler saw it, would put transportation within the reach of anyone able to scrape up a few hundred dollars. It made a pretty good political speech, and to Porsche it made absolute nonsense. But the Führer was the Führer, and Porsche eventually wrought a car calculated to fill the bill. If the contemporary VW makes you laugh, the prototype produced in 1938 would have made you cry. But, ugly as it was, it had Hitler's blessing—if no rear window. Maybe nobody really minded that only 210 of the original models were built before the war broke out and the new company was diverted to production of military trucks.

At the end of the war the plant, however, was two-thirds in ruins and was up for grabs. English, American and Russian car builders, all given a chance to claim it, turned it down, and in some dismay the British, late in 1947, decided to put a German named Heinz Nordhoff in charge, if only to see what the hell. Nordhoff, who before the war had worked for General Motors' German subsidiary, the Adam Opel A.G. and had made Army trucks in Berlin during the war, said later his first impression of the VW was that it "was a poor thing, cheap, ugly and inefficient. I wanted nothing to do with it."

Nevertheless, Nordhoff moved to Wolfsburg, slept on a cot in the factory, shook rats out of his shoes in the mornings and went to some pains to get the car back into production. "The most important job," he has said, "was to take the car out of the atmosphere of austerity. People said, 'We like it technically, but we can't afford to be seen in it.' Austerity touches neither the heart nor the pocketbook." To relieve the gloom of the car, Nordhoff and his designers touched the VW with makeup and redid its hair by cutting a hole for a rear window, a major breakthrough. Since then, although the car's basic lines have remained virtually unchanged, it has been continually improved mechanically, and the company (now owned by stockholders) has introduced a line of convertibles, trucks, station wagons —copied later by Ford and Chevrolet—and the Karmann Ghia sports car. The spiffy shell of the Karmann Ghia covers the same engine and chassis as the VW sedan and, with the exception of the Corvette, outsells all other two-seater sports cars in the U.S. A larger, more expensive and totally undistinguished-looking sedan is now being sold in Europe but is not yet available in U.S. showrooms.

As a result of Nordhoff's direction, people still like the VW technically, and nobody worries about being seen in it. Heinz Nordhoff worries least of all. His Wolfsburg factory is the largest single automobile plant in the world (44,000 employees), and the company has five other production plants in Germany, Brazil and Australia. As London's *Daily Express* once summed it up: THEY'LL BEAT YOU YET, THESE GERMANS.

In 1949 Volkswagen sold two cars in America; by 1955 the figure was 29,000. Once it became apparent they had tied onto a good thing, company officials began trying to determine just who was buying the VW, and why. The quest appears formidable, and there is good reason to believe it

continued

will never fully succeed. How do you plot on a graph, for example, such attitudes as these? A woman in Chicago once said she bought the meek little car because she felt "it needed me." A Dallas man has said Volkswagen owners have "no secret handgrip, we just have the car tattooed over our hearts." And an industrial designer of good repute in the Midwest said last fall that the car had been such a success because "it is lovable." Its virtues, he added, compare to those of "the woman you are glad you married 20 years later."

R. L. Polk & Co., the automobile industry statistician, has made some broad generalizations about who buys the VW. In a study it compiled for Volkswagen of America (or VWoA, the American subsidiary of the parent company), Polk concluded that VW owners tend to come from upper-income groups—the poor shun the VW, it is thought, not because it is prohibitively expensive but probably because it costs too little to represent status. Owners also tend to have two or more cars, to live in the suburbs, to have college educations, to be younger than the average car buyer and to be slightly more inclined to outdoor sports than to bowling or going to the movies. Asked at another time to be a shade more specific so that VWoA could intelligently prepare a small magazine for its customers, Polk made depth studies of a number of owners. After much work it admitted dismally: "We find the singular denominator to be possession of a Volkswagen."

Owners' occupations, said Polk, can be anything from lawyers, to prison-guard lieutenants, to bartenders to advertising executives. They like to do everything from skeet shooting, to skiing, to gem cutting. They read *The Wall Street Journal* and *Mad* magazine. In short, they "defy identification by any conventional criteria," whether by personality—VW owners range from introverts to phony glad-handers, says Polk—by number of children or by number of trips to Europe. About all Polk was able to tell the magazine people was that fewer owners than expected worked on their VWs, and fewer owners than expected "indicated that their tastes were aesthetic or highbrow." Polk took this fact to mean that the magazine "might be wise to favor tennis over quoits as a sports subject."

One other survey not given much weight around VW headquarters, but interesting all the same, was made by a Good Neighbor committee in Washington, D.C. People who live in white colonial houses with Cadillacs in the driveways tend to be picky about the national and racial origins of their neighbors, the Washington surveyors said, while more tolerant types live in contemporary houses and park Volkswagens in the driveway. Toleration, indeed, would seem to be indicated for anybody buying a car inspired by the likes of the genocidal Hitler. But the matter has never given VWoA any trouble. Says Carl Hahn, the German-born general manager of VWoA: "I admit we were not sure what our reception would be in the U.S. when we first began to import them. We proceeded, you might say, on tiptoe and we were pleasantly relieved to find ourselves welcome."

If the million-odd VW owners in America have resisted precise classification, the company considers itself on surer ground when it explains what probably prompted their choice. Volkswagen's greatest appeal, says VWoA Public Relations Manager Art Railton, has to be the car's distinctly excellent workmanship coupled with its overall economy, which can be measured in diverse ways. In the first place, a new VW sedan costs $1,600, a price hard to match by current U.S. standards. Secondly, VW's unchanging body lines ("the most advanced styling idea of all," says the company) make it difficult to tell a 1953 model from a 1963. Without the style obsolescence common to most other cars, the VW's resale value remains high year after year. It depreciates at a rate of about $200 a year compared to $500 a year for, say, a Ford. The VW's four-cylinder, no-nonsense, air-cooled engine gets around 30 miles per gallon of gasoline, and tires last for about 40,000 miles. "I think mine runs on the exhaust fumes of other cars," one overwhelmed owner has said, and if you really crave mileage, say some who have lived to tell about it, the Volkswagen can be sucked along free in the vacuum created immediately behind speeding highway buses and trailer trucks. Then, too, Railton says, the VW is one of the most maneuverable cars anywhere. "You don't aim it, you drive it. Getting out of a big car and into a VW is like taking off boots and putting on sneakers. I heard about a man who called a VW salesman a liar because he was making so many extravagant claims for the car. Then the guy got in and took it for a test. When he got back he said, 'The car's a liar, too.' "

Finally, not the least of the VW's assets is in its appeal to the so-called reverse snob. Owning a Volkswagen is a chic, done thing, because it does not stamp you as *nouveau riche*, and it does not suggest you are strapped for funds either. Among other things, it says you are above striving —and that maybe you have a swimming pool in the backyard anyhow. For the nonstrivers, one dealer has lyrically asserted, "A Volkswagen offers assuagement to the rider ego," and a VW ad not long ago had an assuasive message for the strivers as well. At $1.02 a pound, the ad pointed out, the VW "costs more than practically any car you can name."

Does all this puffery leave room for some people to *dislike* the Volkswagen? Well, the windshield wipers are not much good when it's raining—ask anybody—the car has the absolute minimum of passing power and luggage space, and a priest has complained that women look indecent getting in and out of the station wagon.

Without benefit of precedence, early Volkswagen owners did not know, of course, *what* they looked like in a VW. A lot of people thought they resembled nuts, and they were rewarded for their courage by the sneers of other drivers who regarded them with envy mixed with contempt. "I'd

continued



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and surround it with the richness of the whole matching set.

Everything takes on an aura of distinction in the strikingly handsome setting of these unparalleled leather accessories. Magnificently wrought of Imported Gahna® Morocco, they're a man's idea of elegant design—lean, smartly simple, with trim at a tasteful minimum. Give him a gift from this superb group, and you salute his good judgment as well as your own.

Banker Billfold $7.50*, Registrar® Billfold $7.50*, "Yards-of-Cards" Case $5*, Key Gard® $3.95*. Also in brown. *All plus tax. Prince Gardner Company, 1234 S. Kingshighway, St. Louis 10, Mo. At fine stores everywhere.

BLACK MOROCCO by PRINCE GARDNER®

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Why Mrs. White never lights the oven any more –without looking inside first

Irene White of Oakland, Maine still tells this one on her husband, Clayton.

It seems that on moving day Clayton thought it would be a good idea to put his Savings Bonds and other valuable papers in a safe place. He picked the oven.

Like most safe places, it was completely forgotten. Until next morning when they lit the stove and Clayton smelled something burning.

The story has a happy ending, though. Clayton sent the charred remains of the Savings Bonds to the Treasury Department and received new ones in exchange.

The Treasury keeps a microfilm record of every U.S. Savings Bond sold. So a Bond can never be *really* destroyed, no matter what happens.

This important fact is just one of the reasons why millions of American families own Savings Bonds. As they provide for their personal security they add to the security of their country, too. For the strength of Americans is the strength of America.

Why not put part of your savings in U.S. Savings Bonds. Do it regularly, and see if you don't feel pretty good about it.

Quick facts about U. S. Savings Bonds

- You get $4 for every $3 at maturity
- You can get your money anytime
- Your Bonds are replaced free if lost, destroyed or stolen
- You can save automatically on Payroll Savings

Help yourself while you help your country—BUY U.S. SAVINGS BONDS

The advertising in this space is contributed by the Advertising Council and this magazine.

say our first customers were faddists," says Long Island's Arthur Stanton, the largest VW distributor in the country who, appropriately enough, is connected with the toy business. "I was so convinced it was a fad," says Paul Lee, a onetime Chevrolet dealer, "that when a friend came to me and suggested I invest $5,000 and open a VW agency with him, I talked him out of the whole thing. There was just no reason to believe the car would last." Lee has since readjusted his thinking and is now the irrepressible marketing manager of VWoA. As for the friend, he's a thwarted millionaire, says Lee, "and when I see him coming nowadays, I cross the street."

One of those early faddists was a man named Helmut Krone who bought a VW in New York in 1950, one of 157 Americans daring to make such a move that year. Krone, whose parents were born in Germany just 20 miles from Wolfsburg and who later became—entirely by coincidence—art director and principal idea germinator for Volkswagen's U.S. advertising, bought the car, he says, for no better reason than "my wife and I like to do silly things." All set to buy a VW station wagon not long ago, the Krones abandoned the idea after a neighbor outsilled them and got one first.

Another faddist of the day was a man named Alvin Outcalt, who had just graduated from Columbia University. "I was about to get married in the spring of 1952," says Outcalt, "and I needed a car, a cheap car. So I walked over to Park Avenue in Manhattan and saw this sign in a window: a new Volkswagen could be had for $1,295. It had mechanical brakes, a 30-hp engine and not much status. But everything fitted, everything worked. My fiancée was a little shocked at the looks of it, but she liked those little flippers they used to have as turn indicators and, such is love, she let me buy it." Such is Outcalt's love of the VW, as it has turned out, that he is now on his fourth and has, in the meantime, worked a spell for the Volkswagen company as sales promotion manager.

More indicative of Outcalt's enthusiasm is the fact that he was one of half a dozen founders of the Volkswagen Club of America, an organization hard to describe except to say its members venerate the Volkswagen and like to share their transport with one another. The club got its start in 1954, back in those days when there was something terribly lonely about being the first in your block to own the beetle. A VW owner's first reflex, when the extent of his isolation began to sink in, was to strain to catch sight of another, then to wave and honk his horn like mad. "Of course, a lot of foreign-car owners were waving and tooting in those days," says Outcalt, "but with us it went deeper somehow. You just didn't wave; you stopped and crossed over and shook hands with the guy and asked him how many miles he was getting and did his heater keep him warm like yours didn't. You felt a kinship, you know? But can you imagine doing that kind of thing today?" Outcalt says as his voice becomes wistful. "Maybe you glance at the VWs that pass, but if you tried to wave every time, you'd get stiff joints or be arrested for reckless driving."

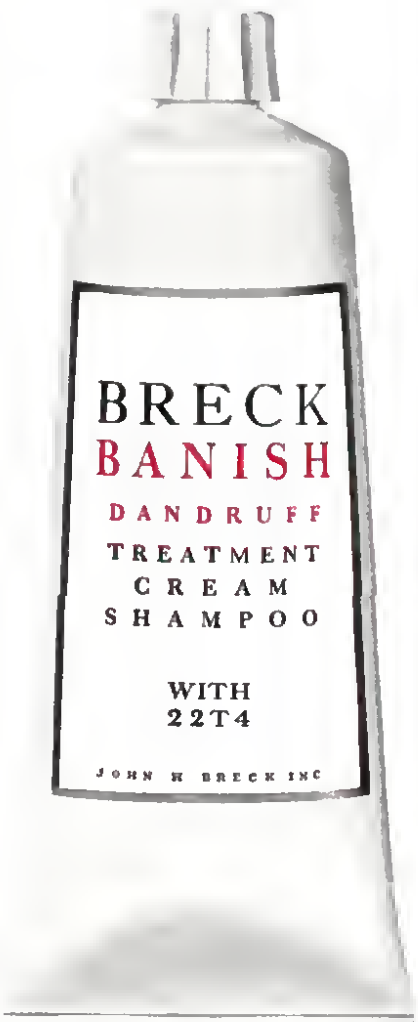
Rather than stop all the time to shake hands, Volkswagen owners found it more convenient to organize and, says Outcalt, "We were amazed at the response we got." The response that amazed the club founders most came from the Volkswagen company. It threatened to sue the club for appropriating the name of the car. "They didn't say what their beef was," says Outcalt, "they just said we couldn't call our club the Volkswagen Club of America. I figure they thought we were a bunch of hot rodders, if you can imagine Volkswagen hot rodders, and they were afraid we'd spoil the family-car image they were trying to promote." Whatever the company's logic, the club didn't pay it any mind, went right ahead with their plans and nothing more was said. VWoA, meanwhile, has come around to contributing cars and station wagon door prizes for the club's annual conventions, and Heinz Nordhoff's daughter Barbara regularly attends in the name of patched-up public relations. (*Entre nous*, Miss Nordhoff drives a low-cost Karmann Ghia—with a high-cost, high-powered Porsche engine in back.)

Today the club has some 3,000 members who sometimes take trips to Wolfsburg where, in the words of one who has gone, "we stand around in that factory like pilgrims in a cathedral and think reverent thoughts." More regularly, the faithful get together in regional meetings, tack the club flag on the wall and talk about taking trips in their VWs and having rallies in their VWs and watch movies of people driving their VWs. Other times members like to read *The Autoist*, the national club's official monthly magazine. The editorial slant is strong on how to fix your Volkswagen, how to put out your own club newspaper, how to help your club grow and how to get to the national convention. "Naturally our membership hasn't kept pace with VW ownership," Outcalt says sourly. "We did the spadework, and now just anybody can buy the car and not give it a second thought. They don't realize there ever were pioneers." (Another Volkswagen-inspired club doomed to shrinking membership is the Red Wolf Club, made up of souvenir collectors who for years have been prying a $3 medallion off the hoods of unattended VWs, then fashioning the baubles into belt buckles and brooches. Based on replacement orders for them, the Red Wolf Club once flourished at the rate of 3,000 new members a month, but the company discontinued the medallion on the 1963 models and that club will soon be that.)

Although the Volkswagen company is very much appreciative of the good work done by the faddists during the 1950s, it was acutely conscious that it just might need a less whimsical clientele in the years ahead. In 1959, therefore, despite the fact VW sales had been galloping upward year after year and most dealer agencies still had three-to-four-month waiting lists, VWoA began to advertise its product for the first time. (It does not deny that Detroit's decision to produce its compacts in the same year

continued

BANISH
DANDRUFF



MEN More than nine out of ten find dandruff relief in this tube of Breck Banish. Its exclusive anti-dandruff ingredient, 22T4, loosens and removes existing dandruff as you shampoo. And between shampoos, 22T4 continues working to help prevent new dandruff from forming. Regular use of Breck Banish gives continuing control of dandruff. (Plastic tube won't break in shower or suitcase.)

2 oz., 75c 4 oz., $1.25

JOHN H BRECK INC
SPRINGFIELD MASS '1963

spurred VWoA on, if ever so gently.)

What a happy day for Volkswagen it turned out to be. The pioneer faddists considered the move a bow to cheap commercialism, naturally, but just about everybody else considers the VW ad campaign the most successful ever to run up the flagpole or to get off the 5:25 to Westport. Volkswagen ads have won a list of prizes longer than an account executive's expense account; they are talked about at cocktail parties, read aloud at the office water cooler, analyzed and dissected in college term papers. A teen-ager in Manhattan named Kitty Brown cuts them out and frames them to decorate her 4-year-old brother's bedroom, and first-graders in California, where everything blooms early, have invented their own in a class competition. Creative supervisors at other advertising agencies regularly harass their staffs by asking, "Why can't *you* guys think up stuff like this?" and one agency in Mexico took the boss at his word and copied a VW ad scrupulously except for rewriting the copy and substituting a picture of a Fiat. A recent ad run in the U.S. shows a man sitting on the bumper of a Volkswagen and asking, "What's low in upkeep, high in mileage . . . air cooled . . . with 42 hidden changes to date but looks the same every year?" The answer this time was a London Fog raincoat. Says a man who works on the account at Doyle Dane Bernbach Inc., the Volkswagen's ad agency, "When you go out and people find out what you do, they act like you're Vaughn Meader or Cassius Clay or somebody. Frankly, it's getting a little wearisome."

Happily for Volkswagen, weariness is the furthest thing from the advertisements, which, for almost four years now, have sustained a freshness that has taxed the talents of five copywriters and reduced Helmut Krone, the art director, to a state of semishock. But perhaps it has been worth the effort. Daniel Starch, Inc., a firm that surveys the readership of advertisements, has statistics that show Volkswagen ads are consistently read by twice as many people as read other automobile ads, and that some ads are noticed by more than 70% of the people reading the magazine, an amaz-

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com-fort (kŭm'fĕrt), *n*—state of ease, of enjoyment; restfulness; well-being; the satisfaction that is yours when you stay at Albert Pick PLUS: free parking at practically all places; convenient locations; good food; courteous service; delightful rooms; TV and air-conditioning; no room charge for children under 12.

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Birmingham, Ala.	Pick-Bankhead
Chattanooga, Tenn.	Albert Pick Motel
Chicago, Ill.	Pick-Congress
Cincinnati, O.	Pick-Fountain Square
Cleveland, O.	Pick-Carter
Colorado Springs, Colo.	Albert Pick Motel
Columbus, O.	Pick-Fort Hayes
Columbus, O.	Nationwide Inn
Detroit, Mich.	Pick-Fort Shelby
East Lansing, Mich.	Pick Motor Hotel
Evanston, Ill.	The Georgian
Flint, Mich.	Pick-Durant
Harrisburg, Pa.	Nationwide Inn
Huntsville, Ala.	Albert Pick Motel
Louisville, Ky.	Albert Pick Motel
Miami Beach, Fla.	Albert Pick Hotella
Minneapolis, Minn.	Pick-Nicollet
Mobile, Ala.	Albert Pick Motel
Montgomery, Ala.	Albert Pick Motel
Nashville, Tenn.	Albert Pick Motel
Natchez, Miss.	Albert Pick Motel
New York, N. Y.	Belmont Plaza
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Pick-Roosevelt
Rockford, Ill.	Albert Pick Motel
St. Louis, Mo.	Albert Pick Motel
St. Louis, Mo.	Pick-Mark Twain
South Bend, Ind.	Pick-Oliver
Terre Haute, Ind.	Albert Pick Motel
Toledo, O.	Pick-Fort Meigs
Topeka, Kan.	Pick-Kansan
Washington, D. C.	Pick-Lee House
Washington, D. C.	Pick Motor Inn
Youngstown, O.	Pick-Ohio

Operated in the tradition of over a century of hospitality by the Albert Pick family

ingly high percentage. "It may not sound very graceful coming from me," says Bill Bernbach, president of the ad agency, "but I think we've pretty well succeeded in what we set out to do."

What Doyle Dane Bernbach has always had in mind concerning the Volkswagen, says Bernbach, "was to tell the truth about the car and to tell it artfully enough so that people would believe it. Telling the truth is easy, but convincing the people you're telling the truth in an advertisement is hard." To be sure it knew the truth, Bernbach and members of his firm went to Wolfsburg in 1959 and inspected the car firsthand. "We asked why the engine was in the back, why the rear wheels were crooked and how many bolts were used to hold on the fender," says Bernbach. "We were impressed by the honest answers we got and by the honest way the car was put together. It seemed clear that what we ought to do was go home and write honest advertisements."

Volkswagen ads, nearly all of which depend on simple, unadorned illustrations of the sedan or station wagon, have been so honest they have often made executives at VWoA choke. Under a glaring blank space an ad once said: "No point showing the '62 Volkswagen. It still looks the same." "Then they showed us the one that said 'Lemon.'" says Paul Lee. "I almost dropped my teeth." The car was a lemon, the ad said quickly, because an inspector named Kurt Kroner had found a blemish on a piece of chrome trim on the glove compartment and he could not, in good conscience, okay the car for export to America. One ad faced a fact there was no escaping: "Do you think the Volkswagen is homely?" it asked. Another ad (for the station wagon) took the beetle by the pinchers when it said, "We also make a funny-looking car" (shudders at VWoA).

Making a case for the boxy station wagon has sometimes called for even more drastic measures of honest self-appraisal. DDB has suggested that, like a turkey with four drumsticks, it's nice but "it looks a little strange at first," and a TV commercial has a station wagon owner say: "Back in '51 we had a Volkswagen sedan. People looked at us as if we had two heads. Now we have a station wagon. People still look at us as if we had two heads."

The agency has also addressed itself to the station wagon's principal opponents: women. "Why won't your wife let you buy this station wagon?" said an ad that hit males where it hurt, and on a softer line offered women a bus-driver's cap for $2,655 with the station wagon thrown in absolutely free. "Now," says Paul Lee, "people are gradually coming around. We admit it looks like a bus. We admit it takes courage to drive one. And once we've admitted to all the objections people have, they start paying attention to the positive things you can do with a station wagon." He meant, for example, that a station wagon, according to a recent ad, can be stuffed with "a package containing 8 pairs of skis, the complete works of Dickens, 98 lbs. of frozen spinach, a hutch used by Grover Cleveland, 80 Hollywood High gym sweaters, a suit of armor, and a full-sized reproduction of the Winged Victory of Samothrace."

Because they sell cars and because of the felicitous phrasing and guileless thought that pervades them, it might be assumed no fault could be found with Volkswagen advertisements. But, some is found, and it is prompted by an unexpected reason. "Some people around here simply think the advertising is maybe too winning, too ingratiating," says a VW executive, "that maybe they convey a feeling that a VW is an infallible machine. Say a man who reads the ads finally goes out and buys a VW. And say he drives it for 40,000 or 50,000 miles, and it breaks down. You know what he may think? He may think he's been betrayed by his best friend. He didn't think a VW *could* break down. He goes to the man who sold it to him and raises all kinds of Cain. We even had a man call Heinz Nordhoff in Wolfsburg all the way from Kansas. His VW had broken down. It was the middle of the night, he said, and he was stranded. So he called Nordhoff and blessed him out."

So every so often Doyle Dane Bernbach, always thinking, jerks its Volkswagen readers back to reality. Not long ago it showed a VW with a flat tire. The headline—felicitous and guileless—said, "Nobody's perfect." **END**



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Step out in leisure and do so in style. Pendleton slacks are tailored from long-lasting 100% virgin wool — America's liveliest fabric. So they wear well, stay neat. Comfortable, too. Because wool does wonders with all kinds of weather. Likes the active life, too. Wool keeps fit, retains its good fresh look and feel for years.
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For additional information, write Dept. WJ 1063, Pendleton Woolen Mills, Portland 1, Ore. © 1963 PWM

As a Sports Illustrated reader you know:

Who
among baseball's stars is the sports-writers' "rational rebel in pinstripes";



What
it's like coming from way behind to win the Derby against the three favorites;

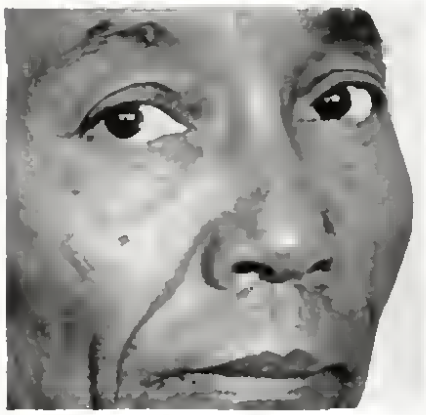


Why
this loud-mouthed heavy-weight draws fans no matter how mad he makes them.



You probably also want to know:

Who
leads the Black Muslims, the Negro movement that calls the whites "devils";



What
it's like to undergo a battery of tests before orbiting around the earth 22 times;



Why
Fidel could foil the Bay of Pigs invasion though it was achingly close to victory.



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LIFE

The Winningest Japanese

Masaichi Kaneda is breaking so many pitching records that fans think of him as an Oriental Warren Spahn **by LEE GRIGGS**

One Swallow is making a summer of baseball history in Japan. He is Masaichi Kaneda, lanky left-handed pitcher for Tokyo's Kokutetsu Swallows, and U.S. major leaguers touring Japan think he might yet make his way in big-time American baseball. At 31, Kaneda has become the winningest pitcher in Japan's pro baseball history. He is having one of his best—and busiest—years, knocking off 22 victories for the Swallows by the end of July. He has been saving face for his team for the past 14 seasons, and the face of the Swallows needs a lot of saving. They usually hover close to the bottom of the six-team Central League. Even with Kaneda they made first division only once (third in 1961). They have finished fourth four times, fifth five times, and an ignominious last the rest of the time.

But Kaneda's skill and versatility, and his liveliness as a character, seem to make up to Japanese fans for the undistinguished record of the Kokutetsu Swallows. In a country where pitchers throw hardly anything but curve balls, Kaneda has a rip-roaring fast ball with a hop to it, a sharp-breaking sinker, and an assortment of curves and changeups that have batters popping up constantly. He supplies drama even when the play has an unhappy ending, and the fans have made him something of a national hero, comparable in Japanese affections to Taiho, the sumo (wrestling) champion. Kaneda is the highest paid player in Japanese baseball, earning an estimated $60,000 a year.

He was born in Nagoya of Korean parentage but early in life became a naturalized Japanese. He started playing baseball in high school in Nagoya and left school to join the Swallows late in the 1950 season.

Kaneda holds almost every pitching record in Japanese baseball. By August he had appeared in more games (750) than any other pitcher, hurled more innings (4,491), and struck out more batters (3,736), the latter figure far surpassing Walter Johnson's Stateside mark of 3,497. He holds the single-season strikeout record (350 in 1955) and the single-game strikeout mark (15 in 1952 and again in 1954). In 1958 he strung together a record 64⅓ scoreless innings. In 1955 he pitched a record 34 complete games. Used as both starter and clutch reliever, Kaneda has won 20 games or more in each of the past 12 seasons and hit a high of 31 in 1958. He also has one no-hitter to his credit.

In June he tied the record of Takehiko Bessho, now retired, who used to pitch for the Yomiuri Giants and who won 310 games in 17 years of playing with the hardest-hitting team in Japan. But the historic No. 311 proved hard to come by. He tried first against the Taiyo Whales and lost a 2–1 decision on a couple of feeble ground singles in the eighth inning. After an unusual three-day rest (he usually starts every third game, relieves in between) he tried again at his hometown, Nagoya, against the Chunichi Dragons. It was a stifling hot night with the temperature in the 90s. Again his teammates let him down. One run was scored when a Kokutetsu outfielder lost an easy fly ball in the lights, and the winning Dragon run in a 5–4 decision reached base on an infield error.

Just two nights later, this time in relief against the Hiroshima Carp in Tokyo, Kaneda tried again. His effort was nigh perfect. He pitched the last four innings, struck out seven batters, walked nobody, allowed only two singles. For a change he got some hitting support, and Kokutetsu came from behind for an 8–4 victory. Winding it up with a flourish, Kaneda struck out Hiroshima Third Baseman Tatsuo Okitsu with a blazing fast ball.

Having run out of records to break in Japan, Kaneda is now eying Stateside records. His next goal is to surpass Warren Spahn and become the winningest pro left-hander in the world. Says Kaneda, "It shouldn't be too difficult. Spahn is ageless, but at 42 how much

continued



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Mississippi Gulf Coast

The Mississippi Gulf Coast is a suitable vacation spot for just four kinds of people—the active sportsmen, loafers, men and women. If you fall into one of these four categories, you'll fall in love with the Mississippi Gulf Coast.



For more information, write to the Chamber of Commerce of any or all of the **Mississippi Gulf Coast** cities listed below. HC SI-2

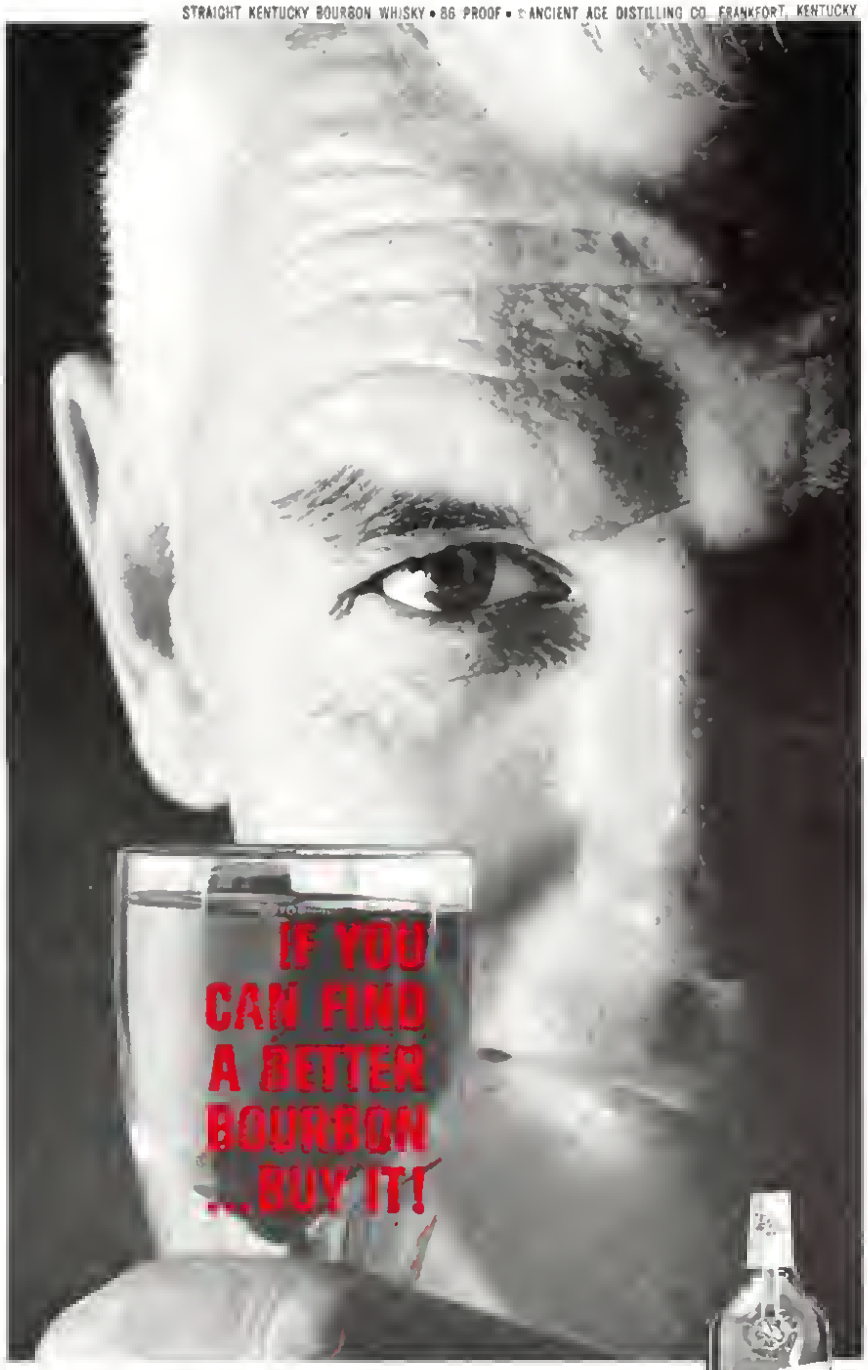
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Ancient Age
BOURBON

America's Largest Selling 6 Year Old Kentucky Bourbon

time has he got left? I am still young and feel fine." Kaneda figures that if he can last as long as Spahn and maintain his current pace, he can top Cy Young's alltime record of 511 victories. He leads both Japanese pro leagues (Central and Pacific) in victories, strikeouts, appearances, complete games and innings pitched. His earned-run average (1.65) is best in either league. Since he joined the Swallows, Kaneda has scored 45% of his team's victories, saved an estimated 20% more in relief. Kaneda's career won-lost record is now 318-247, and his career earned-run average is 2.23.

Last fall, when the Detroit Tigers were in Japan on an exhibition junket, Bob Scheffing said: "I'll take him right now and put him in my starting rotation." Kaneda is flattered by all this but does not really think he could make it. "Oh, I'd last a while," he says, "but not long. I've seen American baseball, and the emphasis is too much on the fast ball. A pitcher throws his arm out in a relatively short time. Here we throw many fewer fast balls, only enough to vary the basic routine of curves, sliders and sinker pitches. Pitchers last longer. I feel as though I could go on for at least 10 more seasons. I'd like to match Cy Young's record, and in Japan I think I can make it. It would be a great honor to pitch in the American major leagues, but there is more to be gained here. And I feel I owe something to Japanese baseball, which has been so good to me."

On the mound Kaneda looks thoroughly professional. He pitches rapidly and shakes his left wrist between pitches to keep it loose. Each inning he starts his warmup routine by strolling halfway back to second base and beginning his warmups from there with long hard throws, advancing a few feet for each pitch until, after three throws, he has reached the mound.

American players who have batted against Kaneda all agree he is major league caliber. Jim Marshall, now with the Chunichi Dragons, says, "I've seen faster pitchers back home but none that are more consistently hard to hit. He moves the ball real well and his sinker is the best I've ever seen." Bob Nieman, who is also with the Dragons, adds, "Just ask Mickey Mantle about Kaneda. The last time the Yankees were here in Japan on tour, Kaneda fanned him eight or 10 times and Mantle was muttering all winter long." END

BASEBALL'S WEEK

THE PLAYER Roger Craig, the Mets' pitcher, has the losing habit like nobody else. At the beginning of the week, he was 2–20, and he had lost 18 consecutive games, only one short of the record. Touched by the hideousness of it all, fans bombarded Craig with good luck charms; fathers even named sons for him. As he went against Chicago to try to avoid his 19th straight, Craig was a genuine antihero. Roger pitched nine desperate innings, and when the Cubs went down in the top of the ninth, the score was 3–3. Then the Mets rallied. Craig went out for a pinch hitter, who walked to fill the bases. Two out, and Jim Hickman came up. On a 3-and-2 pitch Hickman lofted the ball off the scoreboard for a home run and snatched Craig from the brink of immortality with a 7–3 win. The Polo Grounds exploded in a riotous parody—fans on the field, a wild reception at the plate—of that splendid moment in 1951 when Bobby Thomson won a pennant for the Giants with a homer in the ninth.



ROGER CRAIG

THE TEAM Just as they did this time last year, the San Francisco Giants are creeping up on the league-leading Los Angeles Dodgers. On the crest of a winning streak—14 of the last 18 games—the Giants last week overtook slumping St. Louis and moved into undisputed possession of second place only 4½ games out of first. Naturally, the reason for the Giants' sudden rise is Willie Mays, who is hitting again. Only a fortnight ago Mays was wallowing in the .270s. Then he went on one of his outlandish streaks, hitting safely in 12 consecutive games. At the crest of the streak last week, Mays batted .444, including two home runs, to move his average past .290. Another reason for the Giants' surge is the slick pitching of righthander Juan Marichal (18–5). And there is Orlando Cepeda, who helped win two games in Philadelphia last week with six hits. With performances like these, and a schedule for the remaining weeks that favors the Giants, Manager Alvin Dark figures his team can be within striking distance of Los Angeles in September. "Remember," warned Outfielder Harvey Kuenn, "we have seven games left with the Dodgers, and we beat them in the stretch last year."

THE PLAYER Elston Howard, the hard-hitting catcher of the New York Yankees, has a good chance of winning the American League's Most Valuable Player Award this year. After playing eight seasons in the squat shadow of now semi-retired Yogi Berra, Howard has finally emerged this season, handling himself superbly behind the plate, breaking up games by driving in winning runs in the late innings and ripping away at the old master's hitting records. Last week, while compiling a .321 batting average, Howard hit three home runs, bringing his season's total to 22, highest among the New York players. This total is one more than Howard has ever hit in a season before and is only eight shy of Berra's American League record for catchers of 30, a mark Howard will almost certainly surpass. As his team swept to six victories with two defeats last week, Howard also drove in seven runs, raising his team-leading total to 63 and putting himself within 28 of his own previous best year for RBIs.



ELSTON HOWARD

THE TEAM The Minnesota Twins have at least one thing in common with the league-leading Yankees: plenty of home run power. Since the All-Star Game, the Twins, who got off to a miserable start this season, have averaged almost two home runs a game and are now ahead of New York in homer production, 153–145. In the last seven weeks they have hit 78 home runs, more than Kansas City has managed all year. Last week the Twins were as robust as ever. They pounded the opposition for nine home runs and won five of six games. The spurt put them solidly in third place only one game out of second. Most of the big hits came from expected sources, like Harmon Killebrew (26 HRs for the year), Jimmie Hall (18) and Don Mincher (11 in the last 26 games). They came from some unlikely sources as well, such as 150-pound Zoilo Versalles, who hit two. The strangest of all, however, was relief pitcher Bill Dailey. During the week, Dailey handled his usual chores handsomely, relieving and saving games for Lee Stange and Camilo Pascual. Then, swept up in the Twins' home run zeal, he put on Killebrew's batting helmet, picked up Bob (25 HRs) Allison's bat, and whacked a three-run homer.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

THE WEEK	W	L	TOP BATTER		WALKS	SO	LOB
SAN FRANCISCO	4	2	Mays	.444	11	34	51
LOS ANGELES	4	2	Wills	.429	10	34	42
CINCINNATI	5	3	Harper	.333	24	52	49
PITTSBURGH	5	3	Clemente	.344	20	46	59
PHILADELPHIA	4	4	Callison	.400	15	46	50
NEW YORK	3	3	Moran	.368	21	26	44
HOUSTON	3	4	Spangler	.400	28	41	55
MILWAUKEE	2	4	Maye	.435	21	27	37
CHICAGO	2	4	Santo	.409	17	46	49
ST. LOUIS	2	5	Groat	.400	19	35	51

THE SEASON*	Slugging %		RBI		HITS PER 9 INS.	
LOS ANGELES	Howard	.470	Fairly	63	Koufax	5.75
SAN FRANCISCO	McCovey	.567	McCovey	74	Marichal	6.95
ST. LOUIS	White	.506	White	82	Broglio	7.14
CHICAGO	Williams	.515	Santo	77	Ellsworth	6.67
CINCINNATI	Pinson	.511	Pinson	76	Maloney	6.65
PHILADELPHIA	Callison	.483	Demeter	61	Culp	6.61
PITTSBURGH	Clemente	.476	Clemente	57	McBean	6.50
MILWAUKEE	Aaron	.581	Aaron	95	Hendley	7.29
HOUSTON	Spangler	.361	Bateman	38	Farrell	7.00
NEW YORK	Snider	.434	Thomas	48	Willey	6.98

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	W	L	TOP BATTER		WALKS	SO	LOB
MINNESOTA	5	1	Versalles	.409	20	30	34
NEW YORK	6	2	Tresh	.400	29	40	54
CHICAGO	5	2	Carreon	.364	27	35	45
KANSAS CITY	4	2	Charles	.391	18	23	46
DETROIT	5	3	Cash	.369	27	41	57
CLEVELAND	3	4	Francona	.261	21	46	40
WASHINGTON	3	4	Hinton	.348	17	42	37
BALTIMORE	3	4	Powell	.304	24	26	39
BOSTON	0	6	Mantilla	.370	10	26	39
LOS ANGELES	0	6	Fregosi	.350	11	29	40

	Slugging %		RBI		HITS PER 9 INS	
NEW YORK	Howard	.538	Howard	63	Bouton	6.95
CHICAGO	Nicholson	.463	Ward	60	Peters	6.75
MINNESOTA	Allison	.530	Allison	66	Pascual	7.28
BALTIMORE	Powell	.465	Powell	62	Pappas	7.67
CLEVELAND	Held	.457	Held	45	Kralick	7.90
BOSTON	Yastrzemski	.506	Stuart	76	Radatz	5.71
KANSAS CITY	Causey	.431	Charles	57	Grabowsky	7.09
LOS ANGELES	Wagner	.482	Wagner	70	McBride	6.16
DETROIT	Kaline	.517	Kaline	76	Regan	6.24
WASHINGTON	King	.469	Look	60	Cheney	6.60

*through Saturday, August 10

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL—The NATIONAL BASKETBALL ASSOCIATION played another game of musical chairs, but this time everyone got a seat as former Syracuse coach and NBA player Alex Hannum was named to coach the San Francisco Warriors, replacing Bob Feerick, who will move up to general manager, while Eddie Gottlieb, who owned the Warrior franchise in Philadelphia and remained general manager after selling the club to a San Francisco group, becomes managing director.

"No athletic team has ever paid tribute to the gallant men who forged this country's independence, and certainly Philadelphia, Shrine of Liberty, should do so," said Walter Stalberg after successfully renaming the NBA's recently shifted Syracuse Nationals the PHILADELPHIA 76ers, to win the name-the-club contest over more than 4,000 entries. His reward: An all-expense trip for two to San Francisco and perhaps a chance to see the old Philadelphia club in action.

BOATING—"The crew is tired, I'm tired, and I'm sure Bill Muncey is tired," said Willard Rhodes, president of Associated Grocers, which sponsors *Miss Thriftway*, the hydroplane, built in 1959 (replacing two earlier *Miss Thriftways*) that Muncey (SI, July 8) has driven to two Gold Cup victories and three straight unlimited hydro championships. Making her final appearance at the Seafair Trophy race on Seattle's Lake Washington, *Miss Thriftway* appeared tired, too; as she sputtered out and failed to qualify for the final heat. The $25,000 race was won by *Tahoe Miss* with Chuck Thompson at the controls.

BOXING—Before 25,000 fans in Ibadan, Nigeria, National Hero DICK TIGER easily retained his world middleweight title by pummeling Gene Fullmer almost at will until the referee stopped the fight after seven rounds (*see page 12*). It was only the second time that Fullmer had been stopped in 64 pro bouts (55 wins, six losses, three draws). Tiger, who has never been knocked out, now has an overall record of 48 wins, 11 losses and three draws.

BRIDGE—In the AMERICAN CONTRACT BRIDGE LEAGUE's summer tournament in Los Angeles the team of Clifford Russell, Harold Harkavy, Russell Arnold, William Seamon and Mrs. Edith Kemp, all of Miami Beach, Fla., and Alvin Roth of New York, won the masters' team championship (*see page 52*) to add the Spingold Cup to the shelf already holding the Vanderbilt Cup won last spring.

FOOTBALL—With opening games less than a month away (Sept. 14) the NFL played its first exhibitions. Viking rookie Fred Cox kicked five field goals to lead MINNESOTA to a 43–28 victory over San Francisco. Packer Quarterback Bart Starr returned to form, completing eight of 15 passes for 209 yards and two touchdowns, as GREEN BAY downed Pittsburgh 27–7. Cleveland, playing under new Coach Blanton Collier, fumbled its way to a 24–10 loss to DETROIT. BALTIMORE scored all its points in the first half and held on to beat Philadelphia 26–21, and New York lost to CHICAGO 17–7.

In AFL exhibition games SAN DIEGO trounced Boston 50–17, as Charger Quarterback John Hadl completed 14 of 25 passes for 263 yards and two touchdowns and ran four yards for another. HOUSTON three-time Eastern Division champions, beat the New York Jets 17–0, and OAKLAND downed Denver 35–19.

GOLF—Former Ohio State University Golfer TOM WEISKOPF, 20, upset two-time Public Links champion and Walker Cupper Dick Sikes 3 and 2 and, in the finals, beat National Amateur title holder Labron Harris Jr. 5 and 4 to win the 61st Western Amateur Championship in Benton Harbor, Mich.

The U.S. team of four pros and four amateurs won the CARLING CUP best ball golf match from Canada for the fifth straight time in Toledo.

HARNESS RACING—Don Miller guided favorite CHEER HONEY ($3.30) to an easy 1½-length victory over Campus Queen in the $47,372.50 Hudson Futurity at Yonkers with Kentucky Belle prancing in third. Later, in the $25,000 Kimberly Kid trot, Norman S. Woolworth's PORTERHOUSE ($10.80), with Earle Avery in the sulky, upset Su Mac Lad, the richest ($700,799) Standardbred in history, by a length.

HORSE RACING—Thomas S. Nichols' TONA ($45.80), with Mike Sorrentino aboard, held on to win the $57,400 Alabama Stakes at Saratoga by a dwindling nose over fast-closing favorite Lamb Chop, as Prodana Nevtesta, who had trailed through most of the 1¼ miles came well in the stretch and finished third.

In an exhibition mile at Saratoga, Jack Price's Carry Back, returning to the track after a busy season at stud, stayed even for half a mile before Chateaugay pulled away to win by five lengths.

BOUNDING MAIN ($74.80), under Jimmy Nichols, slipped through in the stretch and won the $56,800 Arlington Park Handicap. Favored Hellenic Hero, with Willie Shoemaker finished second, but Ray Broussard on B. Major (who ran third) claimed interference, and the placings were reversed.

PRINCE O'PILSEN ($9), with Wayne Chambers aboard, took command in the stretch and went on to win the $29,500 Ventnor Turf Handicap in Atlantic City by 4½ lengths. Favored Hot Dust finished second by a nose over Terminator.

SHOOTING—At Camp Perry, Ohio, Army Sergeant WILLIAM BLANKENSHIP JR. of Columbus, Ga., fired an aggregate score of 2,654 points out of a possible 2,700, shattering his own mark of 2,636 set in 1960, and became the first man to win four straight national pistol championships. GAIL LIBERTY, an Air Force nurse, fired a total of 2,553 to successfully defend her women's pistol title.

SWIMMING—At the AAU outdoor men's swimming and diving championships in Oak Park, Ill., DON SCHOLLANDER, 17, anchored the Santa Clara Swim Club 800-meter freestyle-relay team to a world record of 8:07.6, broke the listed world 200-meter freestyle mark with a 1:59 clocking (he has a time of 1:58.8 pending), took the 400-meter freestyle and finished second to ROY SAARI in the 1,500-meter freestyle event. Other top performances: CARL ROBIE, 18, bettered his own American 200-meter butterfly mark with a 2:08.8 clocking; STEVE CLARK, 20, won the 100-meter freestyle in 54.9, after setting an American record of 54.2 in the preliminaries; DICK ROTH, 16, won the 200-meter individual medley in 2:16, upsetting three-time winner and record holder Ted Stickles; DICK McGEAGH, 19, beat defending champion Tom Stock in the 100-meter backstroke, and LARRY ANDRIASEN, 17, who could do no better than 17th last year, won the three-meter diving, defeating veterans Lou Vitucci and Rick Gilbert.

TENNIS—The U.S. WIGHTMAN CUP team got off to a bad start in Cleveland when Britain's Ann Haydon Jones upset upsettable Darlene Hard 6–1, 0–6, 8–6 in the opening match. Billie Jean Moffitt evened the score by defeating Christine Truman 6–4, 19–17 in the longest Wightman contest on record, 1 hour 40 minutes, then teamed with Darlene to win the doubles and move the U.S. into a 2–1 lead. The next day Nancy Richey of Dallas beat Britain's Deidre Catt 14–12, 6–3, and Darlene clinched the cup for the U.S. for a 29th time by downing Miss Truman 6–3, 6–0.

EUGENE SCOTT, 25, fresh from winning the Eastern Grass Courts, upset Allen Fox, the country's No. 4 player, in a tough five-set semifinal match and then went on to beat Britain's Roger Taylor 6–0, 6–2, 8–6 to win the revived Nassau Bowl grass-court tournament in Glen Cove, N.Y. Taylor later teamed with Bobby Wilson to take the doubles from Californians Bill Bond and Tom Edlefsen 6–2, 4–6, 6–2.

TRACK & FIELD—Resting only the allotted five minutes between events, Bill L. URBAN of the New York Athletic Club accumulated 8,492 points to set an American record and win the AAU all-round (100-yard dash, shotput, high jump, 880-yard walk, hammer throw, pole vault, 120-yard high hurdles, 56-pound weight throw, broad jump and mile run) track championship in Baltimore. The holder of the previous record of 8,265 points, Tom Pagani, finished third.

MILEPOSTS—DIED: Boston Boxing Manager and Promoter JOHN BUCKLEY, 74, of respiratory complications, in Boston. After taking a beating from one Rudolph Upholtz in 1904 and earning only $7.50, Buckley, age 15, 118 pounds, decided fighting was not for him, became a manager and handled more than 500 boxers, including three world champions—Heavyweight Jack Sharkey, Welterweight Lou Brouillard and Middleweight Paul Pender.

DIED: SIG HART, 91, a bantamweight champion in 1899 and manager of some 300 fighters including Heavyweight Champion Jack Johnson (SI, Dec. 13, 1954), in Chicago. Hart, who was 5 feet tall and never weighed more than 100 pounds, won 110 of 117 bouts. His biggest purse: $250.

DIED: World contract bridge champion SIDNEY SILODOR, 56, who, with 6,450 master points, ranked third behind Oswald Jacoby and Charles Goren in the Western Hemisphere standings of cancer, in Philadelphia.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

29-31—Wide World; Jones Jr. 32—Nat Fein. 36, 37—Lee Balterman. 41-43—Irwin Horowitz, Fritz E. Miller Associates. 46—Phil Roth. 56—AP. 69—Herb Scharfman, LIFE, UPI. 70—AP, Drayton Hefferman, James E. Schaffer, Canada Wide Photo, Minneapolis Star & Tribune. 71—UPI, Morris Rosenfeld.

FACES IN THE CROWD



HAROLD CONRAD, 12, of Duluth aimed his racer downhill through five heats and outlasted a record field of 238 boys in the 26th All-American Soap Box Derby in Akron. He covered the last heat in a speedy 27.6 seconds to win a $7,500 college scholarship.



TOM McNAMARA, a trucking executive, transported four boats and five engines 160 miles to a championship in Michigan and entered four of six events. He returned home with three first-place trophies, a second-place plaque—and his equipment, of course.



BOBBY FINCEL, 11, of Dubuque, Iowa shattered 98 of 100 targets and 23 of 25 in a shoot-off, to defeat 471 men and become the youngest champion to win the Iowa Handicap Trapshooting tournament. Bobby's father won the same title in 1950 at the age of 26.



BONNIE LOGAN, 15, of Durham, N.C. easily won the girls' 16-and-under and mixed doubles titles at the American Tennis Association National Juniors and then went on to win the 18-and-under girls' division without losing a set, defeating the defending champion in the finals.



SANDY GILCHRIST, 17, of Ocean Falls, British Columbia was named the outstanding swimmer at the Canadian championships when he chopped five seconds off the Canadian 200-meter freestyle record with a 2:03.2 clocking and took four other events in record-breaking time.



SPENCER HARRIS, 63, who was an American League outfielder 33 years ago, switched positions but is still active on the diamond as a catcher in slow-pitch softball. Recently he batted .379 to pace his Justers' team to a league championship in Minneapolis.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

BEARS AND ELEPHANTS

Sirs:

Put Robert H. Boyle in a ring with Cassius Clay! At least he'll learn not to doubletalk (*This Is What Clay Says He Wants*, Aug. 5).

First, Mr. Boyle blasts Cassius for judging the outcome of the probable 1964 bout when Clay "insists that he is going to whup 'that big ugly bear.'" He then judges the fight himself by saying Clay has no chance to defeat Liston, a so-called "virtually indestructible and demonstrably deadly fighting machine." Boyle goes on to say Liston has "strength enough to stun an elephant with either hand." This I have to see! And so should Robert Boyle. Let's go, Cassius!

MORRIE ERICKSON

West Lafayette, Ind.

Sirs:

Boxing exists purely on the basis of sport. If it is a business it should be taxed just as any other concern. In the case of Clay versus Liston it loses the sporting element and becomes more of a profit tool.

Cassius Clay has not shown enough of himself to be validly considered as the No. 1 challenger. In his decision over Doug Jones his performance was not decisive and certainly not convincing. Doug Jones fought well enough to justify a rematch. Jones has been slighted, but he definitely does have a claim on Clay's contention for the title. Poor Doug Jones!

Now, how about Floyd Patterson? Even though his championship status has been thoroughly lowered by Liston's two kayos, his past performance in other fights clearly warrants a match with Clay. Clay may have a greater potential ability than Patterson, but at present I am sure most boxing fans would side with the former champion.

For Clay's own safety, he should box *more valid ring opponents to prove his ability* to be matched with Liston. At the tender age of 21, can Clay be considered a ring veteran? Certainly not.

ALBERT E. CITENGLERY

Parkersburg, W. Va.

Sirs:

Gilbert Rogin's article on the dilemma of Floyd Patterson (*I Live with Myself*, Aug. 5) incorporates nearly as much sensitivity as the "champion" himself evinces.

Rogin's opinion is consoling to Patterson fans everywhere who may have wondered, though somewhat prematurely, "What happened to Floyd Patterson?" The answer seems to be that Patterson, the man, has outgrown Patterson, the fighter.

JAN BOGGS

Conway, Ark.

DRIVE RIGHT

Sirs:

Where and how did the illiterate Sonny Liston get his driver's license?

STEVE AKINS

York, Pa.

● Although Sonny Liston is now able to read some words (he is now mastering the Sunday comics), at the time he got his Pennsylvania driver's license he was considerably less facile in the literary arts. Pennsylvania laws, however, require no literacy test for prospective drivers. An applicant need only memorize the shapes of road signs and such words as stop and slow and be able to sign his name to pass. And Liston did pass—twice. "Actually," said a Pennsylvania trooper who gave him the second test two years ago, "Liston drives well."—ED.

SCUTTLED SCHOONERS

Sirs:

As a reader of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED since its inception and as a salt-water sailor who has had a good deal of blue water in his socks, I was most disappointed in your flat-out statement in "Back to Schooners," (SCORECARD, Aug. 5) that a tough old Grand Banks schooner is "easier to handle and just as fast as the J boat or the 12-meter."

I wonder whether the writer of that opinion ever sailed on any of the three types of boats to which he referred, or if, in fact, he knows what in blazes he is talking about. I have had the pleasure of racing on several schooners and, although lots of fun, they can be man-killers when it comes to handling. I also question whether the *Bluenose* or the *Gertrude L. Thebaud* could ever have beaten a 12-meter, let alone a J boat, working to windward.

Certainly there is little doubt that a Gloucester or Grand Banks schooner could give any sloop ever built a real shellacking on a beam or broad reach, but for an "authoritative" magazine to make such a brash statement which, by implication, encompasses all points of sailing is either one whale of a typo or plain ignorance.

ABBOT M. GEER

New York City

● For a visual comparison of a J boat—the 126-foot, 1934 America's Cup winner, *Rainbow*—and the original 142-foot schooner, *Bluenose*, see below.—ED.

A SITTING BLUEBIRD?

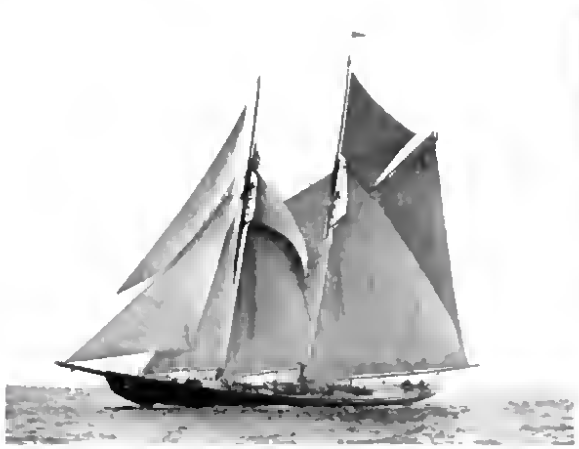
Sirs:

Regarding Donald Campbell and the new *Bluebird* (*Speed King? Or Just Son of Speed King?*, July 29), I would like to add my bit to Kenneth Rudeen's excellent story. I feel qualified to comment on the 1960 Bonneville Salt Flats attempt as I was FIA observer there. I knew Sir Malcolm as well as Donald and Leo Villa, who has served as mechanic for both. I also own the old *Bluebird*.

On the Flats for Mickey Thompson's runs as well as Campbell's, I was one of the few crash witnesses. Trying to guess the speed of the car just prior to the crash seems of small importance. The fact remains that in 1.6 miles and with the *Bluebird* sliding sideways on the course, it was going fast enough to develop lift that carried it 696 feet through the air. My guess would be about 300 mph, which is a reasonable figure, considering that Art Arfons in his jet-powered *Green Monster* dragster has many times exceeded 200 mph in just a quarter mile.

In checking my notes I find that after a half mile *Bluebird* started to veer, and for the next mile Campbell struggled to

continued



BLUENOSE



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DU PONT

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

straighten it out. Did Donald "lose it," or hadn't the faulty steering with which *Bluebird* arrived at the Flats been corrected?

I go along with Villa who said Campbell had "put his foot down." On the evening before the accident Donald told me that he was to make braking tests the following morning and would try some "hot" starts, allowing himself at least half the course for stopping.

Another point: "No one blames the car itself." This is simply not true. To start with, there was steering trouble. Some veteran Salt Flatters considered the wheels and tires too big, the front-seating position undesirable. In event of a yaw the driver had no way of ascertaining the car's attitude until too late to correct it. The lack of braking chutes raised many eyebrows, and *Bluebird*'s shape was criticized as to possible lift and instability at high speeds. (Note the addition of a large tail fin since the Salt Flats.) One thing you can say for *Bluebird*, it is the strongest car ever built. Otherwise Donald Campbell wouldn't be with us today.

I feel that too much personal criticism has been aimed at Donald. Who can blame him for seeking a longer course? The 10 or 11 miles at the Salt Flats is woefully short and inadequate for a potential 500 mph vehicle without drag chutes. Certainly he cannot be blamed for wanting rescue precautions after his Salt Flats experience.

On a visit with him in the hospital I criticized the project for spending millions with no provisions whatsoever for rescue or first-aid equipment even though the nearest hospital was 110 miles distant. Fate was kind to Donald, otherwise more serious injuries might have prevented his surviving the 90 mph ride to medical aid. Rectifying a similar situation in another remote area indicates common sense rather than "fear."

The carping of critics at the Salt Flats can be dismissed. The issue resolves around just one point: Was the *Bluebird* sitting on the line ready to go and Donald off living it up? I say no. And from reading about the Australian adventure, I would say the answer there appears to be the same.

WILLIAM R. TUTHILL
Daytona Beach, Fla.

LOB AND DROP

Sirs:

I have been meaning to write you for some time. You will laugh, but it was Bill Talbert's article in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED (*Two Strokes to Make You Club Champion*, April 15) that recently teed off my win in the River Club tennis championship. After all the tennis I have played you might think I could remember the lob and drop shot. It was perfect—and at the age of 52 it was important for me to try *something* against my young opponent!

MRS. MELVIN M. JOHNSON JR.
New York City



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